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THE FRENCH EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

THE Speeches of the Emperor NAPOLEON always deserve attention, even when they are not designed to convey important political information. The slightly rhetorical style and the characteristic air of benevolent superiority, which would be out of place in an English State Paper, are probably suited to the taste of a French audience. It is difficult to affirm or deny the proposition that the satisfaction given by the agreement of Sovereigns to the true interests of nations is the only basis of a durable peace. The simpler and more definite statement that the English Government ought, in the autumn of 1863, to have agreed to the proposed Congress, would have seemed comparatively questionable and crude. As the Imperial expression of regret is perfectly legitimate and courteous, it would be useless to revive an obsolete controversy. The reference to the Congress was probably introduced into the Speech as an explanation of the inaction of France during the Danish contest. At the London Conference, the French Government "restricted itself to" upholding the principle of nationalities, and the right of "the populations to be consulted as regards their fate." At present, Schleswig and Holstein are awaiting the decision of a statesman who professes not the smallest regard for nationality or for the wishes of the population. The subject is introduced and dismissed with the same adroitness which enabled the EMPEROR to persuade the world that a diplomatic failure was voluntary, and perhaps advantageous. As the French nation in general took little interest in the Danish affair, it was unnecessary to dwell on the matter in detail. Italy naturally receives a larger share of attention, and in that country "the action of France had to be displayed with greater resolution." According to the EMPEROR's theory, the Convention, which is interpreted by those who signed it in two opposite senses, reconciles two great principles by the definitive establishment of the Kingdom of Italy, and by guaranteeing the independence of the Holy See. The transfer of the capital from Turin to Florence was, in fact, exacted as an act of homage to French influence; but it is prudent, and not ungenerous, to cover the chain of dependence with flowers. By "boldly transferring the capital to the centre of the Peninsula, and placing it in the midst of the Apennines, as in an 'impregnable citadel,' Italy at the same time constitutes herself, and reconciles herself with Catholicity. It might be urged, on the other hand, that the Italians were the best judges of their own interests, and the great majority of French politicians have no desire to provide the new Kingdom with impregnable citadels. As a matter of fact, the King of ITALY is so far from being reconciled to Catholicity, that an infant French prince cannot be regularly baptized because his Royal grandfather, who is also his proposed sponsor, labours under a constructive excommunication. The Italian Ministers have given formal notice that their designs on Rome are not abandoned, and the triumph of French policy is really confined to the prudent acceptance of Imperial dictation. The assumption, however, that the professed object of any measure is identical with its actual result, is one of the commonest figures of political speech. The EMPEROR was only concerned to show that, while he maintained his friendly relations with Italy, he had not ostensibly neglected the interests or safety of the POPE. If the Ministers are hard pressed in the ensuing debates, they will probably remind the Legislative Body that the French garrison can always return to Rome, and that, in the meantime, the Italians are not likely to provoke a collision.

From Mexico, from Japan, and from Cochin China, as well as from Rome and Algeria, portions of the French army are about to return, after successful operations. The Temple of War or of JANUS is to be closed, and decorated with an appropriate inscription; and the Legislature is invited, in

concert with the Government, to devote itself to the labours of peace. It is probably intended to suggest that the report of the cession of Sonora and the neighbouring provinces is unfounded, as it always seemed improbable. The hopes of French assistance which the Confederates have lately entertained will be chilled by the announcement that France has nearly completed her task. The distinct statement that the French army is to be wholly withdrawn from Mexico is incompatible with a policy of territorial aggrandisement on the American Continent. The cessation of several petty wars will afford relief to the Treasury, and foreign nations would gladly welcome a reduction of the army which must obviously be practicable. It can scarcely be necessary to maintain 400,000 men with their regiments, and half the number in the reserve, as mere spectators of the peaceful activity which the EMPEROR wisely recommends to his subjects.

Certain restrictions are to be removed from joint-stock companies and from associations of workmen, and greater powers are to be conferred on the Councils of the Departments and of the townships. The EMPEROR has long expressed a desire to mitigate the extreme centralization of public business; but until the measures which are announced appear, it will be impossible to judge whether the transfer of certain duties from Paris to the Departments has any bearing on local independence or municipal freedom. The adjustment of powers which may be established between the MINISTER of the INTERIOR and the Prefects may vary to any extent without a corresponding enlargement of the rights of the people. There may, however, be a certain advantage in a diminished necessity of reference to the central Government. It is scarcely probable that the administrative system, which the EMPEROR describes as admirable, will be seriously modified; and the removal of "minute regulations, which unnecessarily complicate the wheels of the Administration," may very possibly make the agents of the Government still more absolute and irresistible. Similar attempts have often before been made or contemplated; but the proposal to extend the securities for personal liberty is a novelty in French legislation. Among the principles of 1789, individual freedom has been almost universally forgotten. The early reformers of the Revolution had learned, from the example of England, the importance of guarantees against oppression, and especially against indefinite imprisonment; but the Governments which succeeded the Monarchy were for many years despotic, and French lawyers and judges have habitually discouraged all attempts to limit their power. The Republicans of 1848 took it for granted that the administration must be centralized, whether it was controlled by a King or by an Assembly. The proposed introduction of the right of accused persons to bail is probably due to the EMPEROR himself. The abolition of imprisonment for debt belongs to a different branch of legislation. The Provisional Government proposed a sweeping measure of the same kind, with the abortive results which ordinarily attended its efforts. It may be hoped that, when the Bill is introduced, it will not contain an odious exception, by excluding foreigners from the benefit of the change. French reformers, who have borrowed "from the earliest ages of Rome" the doctrine that the property and not the person of the debtor was exclusively responsible, have hitherto also adopted the Roman theory that an alien was an enemy. It would be hypercritical to inquire whether the person of the Roman debtor was really exempt from the vigorous remedies which are supposed to have caused nearly all the civil dissensions of the early Republic. The biographer of CÆSAR has become an authority on questions of Roman history.

It was probably judicious to envelop in a cloud of phrases the intended alteration of the Navigation Laws. "A Bill is in preparation to establish on the seas a competition that will engender progress." The true reason for depriving ship-

owners or any other traders of artificial protection is not that competition will engender progress in their special industries, but that commerce may not be any longer taxed for the profit of monopolists. Incidentally, it is true that competition often benefits those who are involuntarily subjected to its wholesome pressure, and in the Imperial speech it is assumed that the change which French shipowners regard as destructive will necessarily increase the amount of their business. It would be undeniably true that "the greater development that is given to our merchant shipping the greater will be the facilities of transport," if the possessive pronoun, which implies that additional vessels will be necessarily French, were eliminated from the sentence. As Navigation Laws were passed to exclude foreign shipping, they are repealed for the opposite purpose of admitting foreign shipping. If competition engenders progress in French dockyards, the freighter for whose benefit the measure is really introduced will enjoy a cumulative advantage. With the same condescension to popular error, the EMPEROR apologizes for free trade in corn on the ground that the exports of grain in the last year largely exceeded the imports. A Sovereign who has done so much to promote sound commercial legislation may well be excused for consulting the prejudices of his countrymen. On the whole, the Speech is satisfactory, although it encourages no hopes of enlarged political liberty either in its separate passages or in its curious peroration:—"A Utopia is to 'welfare what illusion is to truth; and progress is not the realization of an ingenious theory, but the application of the results of experience, hallowed by time and accepted by public opinion.'" There is a good deal to be said for the rule of thumb as contrasted with Utopian speculations.

JUVENILE POLITICIANS.

IT is difficult to decide whether very old men or very young ones can be the greater bores. The misery which either, upon occasion, are able to inflict is often intolerable, but there are distinctions between their respective methods. Uncompromising generalization is the most prominent common feature, only the old man generalizes from an imaginary experience, and the young man from the depths of his own consciousness. The first is disposed to lay down vast and comprehensive principles derived from a narrow and prejudiced observation of what the past has been, while the other is equally vast and comprehensive on the strength of what he thinks the future ought to be. The great business of each seems to be to instruct mankind. The old man has left off work, and the young one has not seriously begun, so they have really no better resource for getting rid of superfluous energy. Under such circumstances, it must be very exhilarating to stand up and exhort one's neighbours to increased exertions, and at the same time to show where they are misdirected. But though exhilarating to the speaker, the process is particularly provoking to busy listeners. The truth is, a wise old man says as little as he can, and a wise young one says nothing. Unluckily, wisdom at any age is scarce, and sensible folk are constantly being wearied to death with the solemn saws and pompous teachings both of those who have scarcely entered on life, and of those who have passed through it to uncommonly little purpose. For a short time, however, a young wisacre may be tolerably amusing. An older oracle is a sheer bore, because he ought to have learnt something from experience in the first place, and because his case is desperate in the second. But a youth who says silly and tiresome things is to be excused. How should he know any better? And he may very probably mend as he grows older. A little girl who treats her doll as if it were a living creature derives lively satisfaction from the fancy. And a sprightly lad who thinks he is a real politician or a real philosopher may be equally forgiven for talking as if the vitals of his political or philosophical system were not mere leather stuffed with sawdust. There is every sign that within the next eight or nine months the country will suffer heavily from these juvenile outpourings. The number of young men with a lofty contempt for the institutions of their country, and a fearfully low estimate of every man and idea which most people delight to honour, is very considerable, and the thousand opportunities which an election presents for bringing the world to a better mind will certainly not be neglected. The prospect is charming beyond measure. It is impossible, for instance, to think of the electors of Leeds without profound envy. They will have an opportunity daily of listening to the mellow wisdom, the ripe speculations, the thoughtful politics of Earl RUSSELL's modest and sagacious son. Perhaps no other

borough will enjoy the piquant privilege of hearing the imbecility and inefficiency of the House of Lords denounced by the eldest son of an earl, and the expediency of "getting rid of the artificial distinctions created by society" maintained by a live viscount. As the elections draw nearer, however, the graceful and sterling qualities of youthful politicians, of whom at present Lord AMBERLEY is the conciliatory representative, will no doubt become every day more conspicuous. We shall grow familiar with the peculiar temperateness of assertion, the distinctive breadth of view, the geniality of manner, and the tranquil sense of humour for which extremely young men are so notorious.

The babes and sucklings out of whose mouths political wisdom is to come seem to be commencing their "stumping" in good time. Lord AMBERLEY's profound views on Parliamentary Reform have been speedily followed by a youthful relative's still more profound views on the American war. Mr. STANLEY, a son of the Postmaster-General, has just been explaining to the inhabitants of Manchester what the North and South are really fighting for, and at the same time giving us all a measure of judicial rebuke. His address is an excellent epitome of the virtues of the juvenile politician, and this fact constitutes in itself a claim to public attention. Perhaps to some this may appear its only claim, and not a few of the hard-headed Lancashire people, in spite of their sincere admiration for the son of a lord, must have had uncomfortable suspicions, on coming away, that, after all, they had not brought many new ideas or facts away with them. But, as they had probably gone to the meeting simply with a view to get their feelings a little stimulated, the absence of facts, or of anything else demanding active attention on the part of the listener, would no doubt be very grateful. The orator's apology for urging his opinions on those who differed from him was that he had had "special opportunities of studying the question." In the first place, "ever since the war began" he had been deeply interested in its progress. In the second, "he had watched its every phase." Most of Mr. STANLEY's hearers must have begun to think that they too had enjoyed special opportunities. In fact, there are few Englishmen, except farm-labourers, perhaps, who have not both felt deep interest in the progress of the war, and also watched at least most of its phases. But it is one of the most amiable peculiarities of the young man just awakening to political interests, that he supposes everybody but himself to be still sunk in supineness. Thirdly, Mr. STANLEY has "spent six months in 'America observing for himself.'" This is certainly a special opportunity, but, as an argument for the truth of his opinions, it is worthless. The tyranny of the traveller is very curious. He thinks it self-evident that a man who has been to a country must necessarily know more about its political situation than anybody who has not been there in the actual flesh, no matter how diligently he may have procured materials for judgment, nor how much superior his mental powers and his attitude may be for the formation of a sound opinion. All this counts for nothing in the eyes of a man who, with a portmanteau and a railway guide, has personally visited the scene of action. The truth is that a man who has visited a country may be not only not more, but actually less, fitted to arrive at sound conclusions than a person who stays at home and keeps his mind open to what may be said on all sides. The traveller, unless he makes an extraordinarily long sojourn, is pretty sure to fall into the hands of a local party, and his views are more worthless in consequence than they would have been if he had simply read the newspapers. Six months, of course, to the youthful imagination, are a period in which any number of complex questions could be most readily and completely solved. Mr. STANLEY virtually admits that he went to America with a strong bias in favour of the North, and it is not surprising that he should have come away with his foregone conclusions finally confirmed. "Everybody" in this country, we are told, "has taken sides in the most distinct manner," and "for the last four years we have been fighting over this American war with almost as much excitement as the Americans themselves." This is even a more striking illustration than the other of the calm unconsciousness of our young friends that all the world is not precisely in their own state. Mr. STANLEY has taken a side in the most distinct manner, and fights over the war with as much excitement as a Yankee. Therefore, all England does the same. The side which England has taken, however, would appear unfortunately to be the wrong one, for Mr. STANLEY "sometimes is inclined to give up in despair any attempt to convince people upon the American war." Youth is always apostolic. Convincing mankind that the universe is all wrong is a favourite employment with all lads. Their eagerness to set things right is one of their most amiable features. It is to be

seriously hoped that Mr. STANLEY will not let this natural feeling of despair finally overcome him. One cannot think without awe and gratitude of the gigantic self-denial which this apostle of the North, juvenile but ardent, will have to exercise before his mission of conversion is accomplished. Still the picture of England stubbornly refusing to share the convictions and sit at the feet of the young GAMALIEL is mournful and most touching. Perhaps Mr. STANLEY will succeed in making us all believers in the virtue and political grandeur of the North about the same time as the lion lies down with the ox, and Lord AMBERLEY converts us to belief in manhood suffrage.

As might be expected from his time of life, Mr. STANLEY will have nothing to say to schemes for gradual emancipation. His way of putting it is rather remarkable, and some odd consequences would flow from the general acceptance of his principle. "The only way," it seems, "for a man to learn to be free is to be free, otherwise one might as well teach a man to swim by not telling him to go into the water." There is a slight obscurity, by the way, about the exact process by which you would "not tell" a man to do anything, but this is unimportant. The only way to teach a man to be anything is to make him such. In teaching him to swim, you are to throw him into the water, and let him swim. Any preposterous device like corks or life-belts, any paltry consideration as to the possible effect of the shock on the constitution, any doubts as to whether the pupil is quite old enough or strong enough to be able to keep himself afloat, ought to be instantly banished. This is a common doctrine among young men, and Mr. STANLEY evidently does his best to act upon it. The only way to learn to be a politician is to be one. Plunge right into all sorts of important questions, and you will at once find yourself able to master them and enlighten your neighbours. Talk politics, and *ipso facto* you are a politician. The necessity of preliminary training in the mode of discharging a duty is as paltry a chimera, in the case of a negro whom you want to be a citizen, as in that of a youth who wants to be a conqueror of the people. Therefore "let there be immediate and unconditional emancipation." We are "most earnestly to hope that the South may be subjugated," so that this measure may be immediately and unconditionally adopted. For "there never was a cause so absolutely bad as that for which the South took up arms." It may be said that, if the South were subjugated and the Union restored, war would be declared against England. But this is of no consequence. Such an argument is "an appeal to base and selfish motives," which should be sternly dismissed, for "we stand empanelled as a jury to try this great cause." It would be interesting to know by whose authority we have all been empanelled, and also whether it is, on the whole, desirable that a juror should curse one of the parties to the suit with such peculiarly fierce cursing. But the orator's youthful impetuosity rushes on quite heedless of the slight obstacles which judgment or reflection might throw in his path. Sometimes it even makes him unintelligible. The absurd persons who think the war has nothing to do with slavery, but is waged for simple dominion, act, we are told, as if they were to fall out as to whether the horse or the harness draws the cart. How this illustrates a debate as to whether a certain motive is operative or is not—in fact, whether it is either horse or harness—is not revealed to the ordinary understanding. The generous impatience of youth, again, is remarkably exemplified in the statement that "the discussions at the beginning of the war as to the exact legal merits of the dispute were both tedious and unnecessary, for in great questions like this, legal considerations entirely dropped out of sight, and people looked at the real merits of the case." It never occurs to the ingenuous and thoughtful partisan that legal considerations might be an element in the real merits of the case. In criticizing the endeavours of a man to recover property by violence, the question whether it is his property or not should, it seems, be entirely dropped out of sight, and the case judged by comparing the uses to which the two parties would respectively be most likely to put the property if one of them got secure possession.

Like Lord AMBERLEY, Mr. STANLEY seems to think his own order a mistake. He likes the North, apparently because theirs is the cause of democracy against aristocracy. He believes that "to most of the American people it is much more the aristocratic influence of slavery than its injustice that makes it hateful." For all that, however, he does not wish to see that side of the contest regarded in this country; let us rather continue to look upon the conflict steadily as one between freedom and slavery. Juvenile politicians cannot understand that there is nothing worse than to shut one's eyes to all but some one particular aspect of a matter, and then act as if what you see represented the whole matter. In this, as in

every other characteristic, Mr. STANLEY's speech is a most diverting type of what inexperienced and rash youths mistake for the political temper.

THE VATICAN AND EUROPE.

THE rumour that the Vatican intended to furnish Europe with an apologetic commentary on its own Encyclical was probably forged by some scribe at Paris who had imperfectly instructed himself as to the nature or history of the Papal policy. The official journal of Rome has formally denied the soft impeachment. It scarcely needed contradiction. To publish the Encyclical with its appendant Syllabus was an act of imprudence. To apologize, when too late, for the publication would have been an act of supreme weakness singularly at variance with the confident temerity which the POPE's advisers have hitherto shown. Nor would such a step have been reconcilable with the dignity of St. PETER's chair. But the last and most fatal objection to any such official commentary is that no gloss could have expressed the settled views and policy of the Vatican half so clearly as the naked and uncompromising letter of the original. To assert, by way of interpretation, that the Syllabus touches only upon spiritual, and not upon political, questions would be to give up the very ground which the Vatican has been unflinchingly, unceasingly, and determinately maintaining in all Europe, but especially in Italy and in France. The power of the Church of Rome in things temporal, as well as in things spiritual, is a dogma for which, since the days of the celebrated Gallican declaration, Rome has fought against every successive French Government—a dogma which breathes in every page of the Encyclical. The object of the Pontifical letter was to proclaim it and reassert it again in the ears of a generation that seems profanely disposed to confine the Church to a purely religious sphere. What ingenious explanation could Cardinal ANTONELLI offer which would not sacrifice the whole principle at issue? The Catholic world know perfectly what the Syllabus means. M. MONTALEMBERT and M. DUPANLOUP reluctantly understand it, as well as everybody else. There is a story of an old woman who was presented by her clergyman with an edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress* in which appropriate devotional interpretations were added in the margin to the allegory of CHRISTIAN and his wanderings. On the subsequent return of the good minister, the old lady expressed her gratitude, told him that she understood the text, and that she prayed every morning that GOD ALMIGHTY would help her to understand the notes. The faithful and devout who entirely appreciate the drift of the POPE's own letter would be thrown into the wildest confusion by any casuistical comments from the pen of Cardinal ANTONELLI. There is, even in France, a not inconsiderable party who prefer the Encyclical as it is, in all its rugged beauty. The pamphlet of the Bishop of ORLEANS seems to them almost too much of an apology. It is redeemed, in their eyes, by the piety of its tone, and the vigour with which it assails the Italian revolution. But the great merit of the Pontifical epistle, and the plainest proof of its orthodoxy, is that it is best hot and strong. It may have been impolitic at the present conjuncture to have given the Syllabus to the world. But there can be no doubt that the brief in question expresses, with *naïveté* and truth, the genuine principles of the Papacy.

The political history of Italy during the last twenty, and of France during the last seventy, years affords the best light by which to read the recent Catholic manifesto. So far from the Syllabus being a repertory of spiritual errors alone, it is nearer the mark to call it from first to last a political document. Paragraph after paragraph strikes down some fresh maxim of public and of civil right which has been asserted, either in some Constitutional charter, or else by Constitutional jurisconsults of acknowledged authority. The Declaration of the French clergy of 1682, which is part and parcel of the public law of France, affirms in its first proposition that the Church has only received authority from God over things spiritual, and not over things temporal and civil. In 1809, a Council of French Cardinals and Archbishops solemnly reasserted the salutary article in answer to Cardinal CAPRARA, the POPE's Legate. During the last fifty years the Papacy has lost no opportunity of combating the doctrine. In 1845, the Archbishop of LYONS and VIENNE was declared guilty of abuse for attacking the Declaration on which it rests. In 1864, accordingly, the Vatican condemns with unabated zeal and energy the proposition that the Church has "no temporal power direct or indirect." The pretence that such declarations are altogether remote from politics is curiously illustrated by the nature of the source from which the inculcated expressions originally come. Either by accident or on purpose, HIS HOLINESS has chosen to condemn the exact words of the great FLEURY. It

is one of the first principles on which repose the Gallican liberties, says that author, "that the power given by 'JESUS CHRIST to His Church is purely spiritual, and extends 'neither directly nor indirectly over temporal affairs.' The coincidence between the language of FLEURY and of Pío Nono may be undesigned, but it is not on that account the less significant at a time when the more timid champions of Catholicism seem disposed to tell us that religion, and not politics, is the subject of the admonitions of the Encyclical.

The portion of the Syllabus which deals with the question of marriages requires, in like manner, to be taken in conjunction with the political history of France. The secularization of the law of marriage was one of the many consequences of the French Revolution which were distasteful to Catholicism, though even before the Revolution the State imposed restrictions of its own upon the matrimonial engagements of its subjects. But thenceforward marriage became a civil contract, only to be perfected and completed by the sacraments of the Church. The 54th section of the Organic Law of 1802 recognises the nuptial benediction as distinct from and supplementary to the civil pact. The marriage is first contracted before the officers of the State, nor is it till proof be given of the discharge of all legal formalities that the priest can give his blessing to the pair. In the first few years which succeeded to the promulgation of the law of 1802, the POPE'S Legate, resident at the time in France, was in the habit of according such preliminary dispensations as might, in individual cases, be rendered necessary by the statutes or traditions of the Church. But after the breach between the Empire and Rome there was delay and difficulty in procuring them. During the course of the negotiations which ensued, the Church of Rome never ceased to maintain the nullity of all matrimonial contracts to which the magistrate only had been a party. The spread of French law throughout Europe induced the Vatican to publish energetic declarations on the subject, and the propositions implicitly set forth in the Syllabus of 1864 are the very same as those addressed by the Vatican to the Bishop of Warsaw in 1808. More than once between that date and the present year the French Executive has interfered to punish an ecclesiastical infringement in respect of its own law. Rome never changes, and in the Syllabus of Errors she once more returns to the attack. France, it is true, is not the only country in which the Papacy finds itself at variance with the civil power with respect to the authority of the nuptial contract. But in France, and in the principles of French law, are to be found the head and fountain from which emanate the political errors of the rest of Europe. And in once more proclaiming its views on marriage, the Papacy is fighting to the last the political battle which in France began at least sixty years ago.

The overt assault directed against the *Appel comme d'abus*, as well as against the right of the State to restrain the publication of Pontifical bulls, is so manifestly a blow struck at French law as to demand little notice or discussion. It is more important to observe that the Encyclical, even where it is less ostentatiously aggressive, is nevertheless political throughout. The new Commission which, with Prince NAPOLEON at its head, is charged to examine the subject of gratuitous public instruction, will not get far upon its way without committing itself to a deadly conflict with Ultramontanism, in which will be revived all the bitterness of the educational struggle of twenty years ago. That struggle was perhaps the best illustration of the meaning which Rome attaches to the formula of a free Church in a free State. What Rome demands at the hands of every European Government is not toleration, but domination. The Spanish MINISTER OF GRACE AND JUSTICE, in his late Ultramontane oration, strikes the true Catholic note. When the Vicar of CHRIST speaks, it is, he thinks, the business of a Christian State to listen, and not to close the Papal mouth. Reverence should prevent the son from judging the lessons delivered to him by the father, however unacceptable they may be. The Vatican requires of France, and of all Europe, nothing more or less than this filial obedience, which M. ARAZZOLA so instinctively understands. This, and nothing else, is the demand put forward in every line of the Encyclical. If the Vatican had consented to explain away its own words, it would have surrendered the whole position to retain which it has fought so stoutly all through the nineteenth century. Those who insinuate that the Encyclical deals with spiritual topics only are, accordingly, clumsy apologists for a policy which is far more pretentious than they seem to think. If necessary, these pseudo-Liberals would be repudiated and silenced by Rome herself. It is this certain truth which gives strength to the antagonists of Ultramontanism in France, and which almost warrants them in repeating the famous de-

claration made nearly two hundred years ago by M. CHOISEUL, himself a Catholic Bishop, that if such is to be the tolerated policy and doctrine of Catholicism, "on ne pourrait être Français, ni même Chrétien."

THE DISSOLUTION.

THERE are few subjects which have a more legitimate interest for a condemned criminal than the question of the day which is to be fixed for his execution; and criminals have rarely been so philosophical as to pass the subject altogether by. The present Parliament is not only mortal, like all things human, but it is able to boast, with the old Highland chieftain, that none of its ancestors have died a natural death. The time is fast approaching when it too must be sentenced to a premature and violent end. It is natural that gloomy calculations should now be becoming an habitual subject of the victim's thoughts. In fact, the question as to the latest day to which the fatal blow can possibly be deferred is the only one that can be said really to occupy the Parliamentary mind at this moment. Compulsory silence upon this all-absorbing topic is a cruel aggravation of suffering at such a crisis; but constitutional decorum is imperative. That which is uppermost in the minds of all must be upon no one's lips. But in the shortness of every sitting, the dullness of every debate, and the pettiness of every subject of legislation may be traced the operation of the care which is engrossing every mind.

The question upon which members seem to be deliberating so silently and so sorrowfully is not without interest even to those who have not before their minds the vision of an agreeable future filled up with laborious canvassing days, heavy election bills, and tiresome bribery inquiries. In any case, this Parliament will have approached nearer to its legal term than the majority of its predecessors, and it may possibly live to furnish a unique example of longevity. It is natural, therefore, that speculations as to the probable time of its dissolution should be rife. The only basis, however, on which they can be rested is to be sought in the inherent probabilities of the case. Many rumours are current concerning the information which the PRIME MINISTER is supposed to have vouchsafed upon the subject to intimate, but apparently indiscreet, friends. But these oracular utterances are not satisfactory guides, because the PREMIER, in the observance of a rigid neutrality between contending opinions, appears to have given a different version of his intentions to each successive querist. The selection of the best moment for a dissolution is a critical point in party manoeuvre, and it is safe to predict that he will make it with his accustomed tact. But several considerations must press upon his mind, of different kinds, and it is not easy to foresee which will gain the mastery. The great issue lies between the autumn of this year and the spring of next year. There are some very potent arguments for delaying the painful ceremony till next year. The past registration has not been as satisfactory to the Government as could have been wished. The change it has made in the lists is probably not quite so great as the Conservative organs represent it to have been; but, upon the whole, there is little doubt that the Government have lost decidedly, and there is still less that they expected to gain largely. Under these circumstances, it is very tempting to try the chances of another year. Perhaps it is more a tempting than sagacious policy. It is not likely that the stream will change its direction in so brief a space of time. There is apt to be a run of luck in politics, as in other games of chance, and it is not safe, when it has set in, to play double or quits. Still the proverbially sanguine temperament of electioneers will probably represent matters more favourably. If, as leader of the Liberals, Lord PALMERSTON is exposed to the temptation to run out this present Parliament, it is much stronger when viewed from his own personal position. When he parts from this Parliament, he must feel that he can never have another so exactly to his mind. It represents his own peculiar political position with a fidelity which can never be equalled. Neither Premier nor Parliament have finally broken with Democracy, nor is either inclined to yield to it. Their attitude is rather that of a suspension of arms than of either hostility or peace. The next Parliament can scarcely return from the hustings in the same provisional character. It must move decidedly in one direction or the other; and with that change the feeling which chiefly inspires the present blind attachment to Lord PALMERSTON will be gone. It can hardly be doubted that, if he were left to his own inclinations, he would not shorten by a single week the existence of so complaisant a body.

But the objections upon the other side are so serious that perhaps the majority of people have made up their minds

that there must be a dissolution at the end of the present Session. It is nearly a century and a half since the Parliament which passed the Septennial Act was dissolved, and never once during the whole of that period has the Parliament been allowed to survive till within three months of its legal termination. Precedent is strong upon all those questions which are included within the scope of the mysterious word "constitutional," and in point of precedent such a proceeding would be absolutely without defence. But the practical evils of it would be more formidable still. The discussions of the House of Commons are not under the control of the Government, nor even of the House itself. There is no constitutional machinery by which inconvenient eloquence can be checked. Coughs, yells, scrapings may be potent as against the sensitive and the fastidious; but in the case of members not afflicted with either of these two disqualifications, they are absolutely powerless. Now bores are usually only an annoyance; but if the PRIME MINISTER should resolve upon continuing the Parliament till next spring, they will become a constitutional power of the first magnitude. It will be in their discretion to disband the army and navy, and to leave the Treasury without a farthing to pay the Civil Service of the country. Should the present Parliament meet again in February next, it will have, within little more than three months, to pass the Mutiny Bills, to go through the Votes in Supply, and to pass the Ways and Means Bills necessary for raising the taxes out of which the expenditure sanctioned is to be defrayed. But it is an old constitutional right that, before any stage of these proceedings for the granting of money, any member may claim to be heard upon any grievance—that is to say, upon any subject on which it may please any member to talk. It requires no great effort of imagination to foresee that bores may be found who will see their opportunity and use it mercilessly. They must be listened to. Remonstrances, objections, indignant protests will be of no avail. For the moment, they are the masters. They will enjoy the unwonted sensation of being secure against a count-out, for a count-out would only aggravate the delay they are causing. For the first time in the history of Parliament, they will be in a condition to insist upon a hearing. It may be conjectured that, before they have been exhausted, the spring will be well advanced. The fatal thirtieth of May, on which Parliament will dissolve of itself, will be close at hand. No English member, with the fear of his constituents before his eyes, would venture upon so indecent a proceeding as talking the Parliament out, but Irish constituents would probably look upon such a freak with more sympathizing eyes. Mr. VINCENT SCULLY would perhaps not suffer severely in the opinion of the people of Cork if he were to seize that opportunity for explaining the wrongs of Ireland; and the indignation displayed by the base Saxon at such a proceeding would make his return at the impending election absolutely secure. If Lord PALMERSTON will only try the experiment of deferring the dissolution till the spring of next year, this generation will have the chance of seeing a dramatic Parliamentary scene such as has been seldom witnessed before. Scene—the House of Commons; time—half-past eleven o'clock P.M. on the thirtieth of May 1866. Principal figure—Mr. VINCENT SCULLY, eloquently insisting upon the wrongs of Ireland. Below him, the Ministers profoundly uncomfortable at the reflection that neither Appropriation Bill nor Tax Bills have been passed, and that the public service can only be carried on by illegal proceedings for which a new and possibly hostile Parliament may refuse an indemnity. On the benches round about, the bloody and brutal Saxon trying to put down Mr. VINCENT SCULLY by mere howling; the din, however, only inspiring him with fresh ardour, by recalling to his mind pleasant memories of his native land. For half an hour the grand spectacle of the impassioned patriot gesticulating in dumb-show, and vainly struggling to make his eloquence heard above the chorus of five hundred infuriated Saxon yells. At the end of that time, the clock strikes twelve, the Irish patriot's task is done; the Speaker, no longer a Speaker, descends humbly from his chair; the House of Commons is suddenly resolved into a very shabby-looking and uproarious public meeting; and the Ministers go off reflecting upon the perplexing predicament into which the exigency of party tactics has conducted them. It would be a pity to lose such a scene. Perhaps, for the transitory interests of the public service, it would be better that the elections should take place next autumn; but for the more permanent objects of the sensational historian, it is earnestly to be hoped that the dissolution may be postponed.

RUSSIA.

ALTHOUGH it is difficult to obtain any trustworthy information about Russian affairs, there can be no doubt that the Imperial Government is engaged in more than one revolutionary experiment. The abolition of serfdom has thus far been effected without serious disturbance; but, on one side, it is alleged that the peasants need additional protection, and, on the other, the impoverished proprietors ask for political concessions as the only compensation for the sacrifices which they have been forced to make for the good of the State. The Emperor ALEXANDER is probably a benevolent sovereign towards his native subjects, as well as a daring innovator, but all absolute rulers have a propensity to reduce the whole community to a dead level of helpless equality. The nobility in Russia, as in France before the Revolution, has enjoyed great social privileges, while it has been excluded from the enjoyment of political power; and at present it is perhaps not exposed to immediate danger of spoliation, because there is no considerable middle class to envy and assail its superiority. There has always been a latent spirit of opposition among its members, and the reforms of the present EMPEROR have naturally caused great irritation and alarm. It would be useless and dangerous to complain of the liberation of the peasants, but the nobles may fairly object to the costly and corrupt interference of the inferior civil servants of the Crown. Their own property and their comparative enlightenment entitle them to a voice in local affairs, and they also desire to perform without payment the minor judicial and administrative duties which are discharged by country gentlemen in England. An aristocracy cannot be created or restored when it has once been overthrown, and the only apparent possibility of freedom in the Russian Empire depends on the voluntary recognition by the Government of the natural supporters both of authority and of municipal independence. Despotism, however, has many of the instincts of democracy, and it seems more probable that the Russian nobility will be still further discountenanced and depressed than that their moderate and reasonable aspirations will receive the sanction of the Government. The official Senate has lately disposed of a petition from the nobles of Moscow by the characteristic measure of swamping their Assembly by the introduction of a lower class of landowners. It seems that a certain landed qualification is required for the members of the Provincial Councils of nobles, and it may be supposed that the larger proprietors are bolder, and more independent of official favours, than their less wealthy neighbours. The Senate accordingly has discovered that the grants of land which have been made to the emancipated serfs have reduced the estates of some smaller landowners below the legal standard. In a spirit of equity, the Imperial favour is extended to those who are assumed to have been unjustly excluded, and an official writer gravely expresses the curiosity of the Government to know whether a more popular Assembly will repeat the petition for further political powers. It may be safely conjectured that the deliberations of the reformed body will be entirely conformable to the Imperial will, although, if the new members were to express their real opinions, they would certainly not object to share in the management of their own business, or to associate for the protection of their common interests. The organs of the Government affect to think that the great landlords would exercise their power against the peasants, and it is difficult to understand why the small proprietors, who have suffered more severely, should be regarded as more trustworthy, except because they may be more easily bribed or frightened.

If the Russian Government were disposed to countenance free institutions in any part of the Empire, no similar boon would be accorded to the provinces which formed a part of ancient Poland. In those districts the upper classes retain, with few exceptions, their old patriotic feelings, and it is consequently the policy of the Russian authorities to destroy as far as possible the connexion between the nobles and the people. As no Government can be expected to commit suicide, it would be unreasonable to complain of the jealousy with which the Polish gentry are regarded at St. Petersburg. They can at least hope for no political concessions while their countrymen in the Kingdom of Poland are subjected to a mode of treatment which is professedly designed to annihilate their national existence. As the insurrection has long been entirely suppressed, it may be hoped that the scaffold, the prison, and the desert have by this time received their destined complement of victims. The cruelty of MOURAVIEFF himself must almost have been satiated, and it is perhaps a higher enjoyment to destroy a nation than to imprison, to torture, and to confiscate. The vague rumours of the intentions

of the Russian Government probably indicate that Poland is at last to be finally incorporated into the Russian Empire, although the definite statements which have been lately published are officially contradicted. According to the report, the dominant religion and language were to be substituted for the symbols of Polish nationality, and the partially independent unity which had survived the previous misfortunes of the country would henceforth have had no legal existence. The office of Governor-General of Poland was to be abolished, and the entire Kingdom was to be parcelled out into provinces or departments to be administered by Russian functionaries. The fatal injury which the last insurrection inflicted on the national cause would have been vividly illustrated by the proposed organization. The details of the scheme were perhaps imaginary; but it is possible that the publication was merely premature. The authentic accounts of measures which had been previously adopted are entirely consistent with the more sweeping project. Before the insurrection, the most important civil posts in the Kingdom were habitually occupied by Poles, and devotion to the service of the EMPEROR was not incompatible with a strong feeling for national rights. It was popularly believed that WIELOPOLSKI himself affected, in his intercourse with his subordinates, to be ignorant of the Russian language. Henceforth it will probably not be advisable for functionaries who desire promotion to profess any knowledge of Polish.

Experience alone can show whether it is possible to denationalize a proud and obstinate race. The Polish peasants are so low in the scale of civilization that they may probably be persuaded and cajoled into the belief that the EMPEROR is their protector against the landlords, who were prevented by the Government from granting perfect emancipation while serfage still survived in Russia. During the insurrection the flagitious system of bribing the humblest class to betray the common cause was practised with unscrupulous energy, and the same instrument will probably be employed in the reduction of Poland into a cluster of Russian provinces. The only patriotic motive which is likely to influence the peasantry consists in the attachment with which a rude population generally regards its own traditional faith. The priests are the natural enemies of the usurping foreigner, and they may possibly inspire a portion of their antipathy into the minds of the people. Rome itself is, in Poland, if in no other part of the world, for purposes of its own, the champion of justice and liberty. The EMPEROR will care little for the pious remonstrances of the POPE, but a Catholic opposition to the encroachments of the Orthodox clergy may be more formidable than the chivalrous pertinacity of those Poles who rise to the level of patriotism. On the other hand, it must be admitted that in the provinces which were formerly annexed to the Empire the Russian Government has already succeeded in the forcible conversion of large masses of the population. A vigorous despotism persecutes with a systematic effect which may well excite the admiration of bigots in a constitutional country. England in former times enacted penal laws against Roman Catholics which were atrocious in their language and conception, while in their operation they were rather vexatious than cruel. The conversion of Poland to the Eastern Church will be undertaken in a more comprehensive spirit.

The national life of Poland has always resided in the large minority which consists of all classes but the lowest. The great nobles have been only the leaders of their countrymen, and their natural caution has often held them back when tradesmen and artisans rushed into a hopeless struggle. The Northern Americans excuse their sympathy with Russia on the pretext that Polish rebellions are the work of an aristocracy. In a certain sense the statement is true, but the aristocracy is large enough to include carpenters and blacksmiths, as well as the shopkeepers of the towns. Every man in Poland who can read and write is a patriot, and an enemy of Russia. Unless the national character has been changed by the late reverses, the implacable enemies of Russia will refuse to be conciliated, and it only remains to destroy them. As there is no longer any resistance to fear, the task of the Imperial Government will probably be prosecuted with unrelenting firmness. The survivors of the insurrection are in somewhat the same position as the Moriscos of Grenada when PHILIP II. determined to complete the work of destruction which had been commenced half a century before by FERDINAND and ISABELLA; and the detestation of Polish freedom which actuates the Imperial Government is probably as strong a motive of action as the religious intolerance of Spain. It is possible that, in another generation, the Poles of Galicia and Posen may alone preserve,

under Governments somewhat less illiberal, the national consciousness and tradition. The Polish subjects of Austria have lately proved themselves strong enough to extort from the Government the release of their countrymen who had been imprisoned in deference to the remonstrances of Russia. If the EMPEROR ALEXANDER required a warning against representative institutions, he would perhaps be alarmed by the modest liberalism of the Austrian Council of the Empire.

AMERICA.

NOTWITHSTANDING the failure of the recent negotiations for peace, the discussion was probably commenced on both sides in good faith. Mr. BLAIR, who was despatched to Richmond on a pretence of private business, enjoys the personal confidence of Mr. LINCOLN, and the Confederate Commissioners who were sent northward in consequence of Mr. BLAIR'S overtures are persons of influence in the South. Mr. STEPHENS, though he is Vice-President of the Confederacy, and, by virtue of his office, President of the Senate, has throughout the war been a political opponent of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS. In the Legislature of Georgia he made an able speech against Secession, and in the State Convention, which resolved on joining the Confederacy, he voted in accordance with his previous opinion. Like almost every other Southern politician of character and position, he considered himself bound to abide by his primary allegiance to his State; but it is well known that he has always been an advocate of peace, and that he entertains no insurmountable objection to reunion. Mr. HUNTER was the agent selected by Mr. JACKSON, the Governor of Missouri, to convey the alleged adhesion of his State to the Confederacy, although the act was never sanctioned by a Convention. Mr. CAMPBELL conducted a private negotiation between the Confederate Commissioners at Washington and the Department of State; and he has publicly accused Mr. SEWARD of a breach of faith in attempting to virtual Fort Sumter after giving confidential assurances that the fort would be quietly evacuated. At that time, however, Mr. CAMPBELL was not professedly hostile to reunion, and it may be supposed that he was selected as one of the Commissioners as a known advocate of peace. The Confederate PRESIDENT himself probably held that a continuance of the war was inevitable, but it was highly expedient to satisfy his suffering countrymen of his readiness to engage in negotiation. It is not known whether the Southern Commissioners refused to discuss any project of peace which was incompatible with the recognition of the Confederacy. There can be no doubt that Mr. LINCOLN would insist on the abolition of slavery, as he has approved of the amendment of the Constitution which has lately been passed by two-thirds of both Houses of Congress. On this point, if on no other, the negotiation must necessarily have broken off, for the Confederate PRESIDENT had no power to authorize his agents to deal with an institution which depends exclusively on State legislation. It happens that Mr. STEPHENS, while he disapproves of the original secession, is one of the most enthusiastic supporters of slavery.

The report that the South was invited to concur in a war to be declared against France and England is obviously inaccurate or exaggerated. Nothing can be more probable than that Mr. SEWARD hinted at such a result of reunion, but an offensive and defensive alliance between members of one Federal Republic is an obvious absurdity. Some injudicious speakers in the Confederate Congress have lately attempted to frighten the European Powers into recognition by affecting to assume that the subjugation of the South must necessarily be followed by a foreign war. Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS is not likely to make so unstatesmanlike a confession of weakness. Whatever danger of war may exist arises exclusively from the unprincipled arrogance of Northern factions. It is difficult to believe that the Federal Government can have been seriously alarmed by the rumour that France and England would refuse to recognise the PRESIDENT after the commencement of his new term of office. If, indeed, legal controversies were of importance in the midst of a sanguinary war, it might be plausibly contended that the States which took no part in the election were not legally bound by the choice of the residuary members of the Federation. Foreign Powers have, however, for their own guidance, properly and necessarily assumed that the Government of Washington represents the United States, although a part of the territory of the Republic may be temporarily or permanently detached. As the individual States had no foreign relations, it would be impertinent to inquire whether they may have severally concurred in the choice of a President. The English Government has no right to

examine the validity of the election, as long as the actual President is allowed by his fellow-citizens to exercise the functions of his office. If it were thought desirable to quarrel with the United States, a more reasonable pretext for war might easily be devised. Fuller credence was perhaps accorded to the statement that the Northern provinces of Mexico were to be constituted into a French dependency. If so strange an experiment had been tried, it might have been inferred, with some probability, that the Emperor NAPOLEON had already determined to secure his new possessions by an alliance with the Confederate Government. Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. SEWARD may perhaps have profited by the popular belief or suspicion so far as it tended to reconcile public opinion to negotiations with the South; but it is impossible to suppose that the mission of Mr. BLAIR was hurried on for the purpose of anticipating French diplomacy. The approach of the 4th of March, on which Mr. LINCOLN will commence his second Presidential term, furnishes a more probable explanation of the recent negotiation. It would have been satisfactory to proclaim in the inaugural speech the conclusion of peace, and it will be convenient to prove that the prosecution of the war is the only alternative of final disruption. Notwithstanding his triumphant success, Mr. LINCOLN remembers that nearly two millions of his countrymen voted for McCLELLAN, solely on the ground that he was supposed to be more ready than his antagonist for peace. Nearly every member of the minority would gladly consent to the perpetuation of slavery, if the seceding States would return to the Union in consideration of guarantees for their special institutions. Only an insignificant fraction of the population would approve of peace on condition of separation. Mr. FERNANDO WOOD himself has lately professed his willingness to support the war in preference to accepting the terms offered by the Southern Commissioners.

The amendment of the Constitution, by which slavery is to be abolished within the limits of the Union, raises several curious questions. Having been approved by the necessary majority in the Senate and the House of Representatives, it acquires no validity until it has also been adopted by three-fourths of the State Legislatures. As eleven of the thirty-four States have seceded, it is impossible to obtain the necessary sanction unless Congress accepts a monstrous proposal of Mr. SUMNER's to declare that the States which send members to Congress virtually represent the whole Confederation. The difficulty is increased by a singular decision of the House of Representatives on the competency of the Presidential electors. When the return of Mr. LINCOLN was still in doubt, sham constitutions were established in several of the Slave States for the purpose of securing an ostensible majority. As soon, however, as the necessary number of legitimate votes had rendered Mr. LINCOLN's election certain, it became unnecessary to use the fraudulent surplus. It has accordingly been determined that Louisiana and Tennessee are to be excluded from any share in the election; and, with more striking inconsistency, Western Virginia is also summarily disfranchised. This State was admitted into the Union by a vote of Congress in the early part of the war, in open and direct violation of the Constitution. Its representatives still retain their seats in the Senate and in the House, and there is no reason to suspect the genuineness of its choice of Presidential electors, as only two or three counties in the district favour the Confederate cause. It would seem that a State must exist for all purposes or for none, and that if Western Virginia has no right to share in the choice of a President, it must also be powerless to assist in a change of the Constitution. To foreigners the question is rather curious than interesting, nor is the amendment itself of any practical importance, except as far as it may hereafter impede negotiations for peace. As long as the war continues, emancipation will depend, not on the votes of Congress, or of the Northern State Legislatures, but on the progress of the Federal armies.

As the great campaign which will probably decide the fate of the struggle has scarcely commenced, the Northern politicians have had leisure to attend to the personal controversy between General BUTLER and Admiral PORTER. An impartial arbitrator would perhaps incline to the opinion that the charges on both sides are well founded, especially as far as they are personally discreditable to the disputants. The Admiral, however, has luck on his side, and General BUTLER has to struggle with the current when he extends his censures to the Commander-in-Chief of the army. In the military service of any other country it would be considered indecorous for a subordinate general to boast of his own regard for the lives of his soldiers, and to censure his immediate superior for reckless temerity. The most curious and interesting part of General BUTLER's statement consists in

his authoritative account of the original plan of last summer's campaign. A long controversy as to the success or failure of General GRANT's combinations has not yet terminated. An able military critic in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review* argues that his objects were substantially attained, although he was repeatedly checked and baffled by General LEE in the successive stages of his advance. The advocates of the opposite opinion relied on the argument that, as he might have reached his position on the James River without the loss of a man, there must have been a blunder in the expenditure of a considerable part of his army in penetrating through the heart of Northern Virginia. General BUTLER conclusively confirms the judgment which was least favourable to the Federal Commander. He states, for the first time, that GRANT intended to pass by Richmond on its western side, so as to intercept the railway communications on the south and the west, before he commenced his final attack from the James River. It appears, therefore, that when LEE repeatedly edged him off towards the coast, he compelled him to adopt an entirely new line of advance. It was creditable to General GRANT that he was able to content himself with an alternative scheme, but his admirers can no longer boast of his uninterrupted success. In the ensuing campaign, the Federal army will enjoy great advantages in its immediate proximity to Richmond, and in the perfect organization of its supply system. The fall of Wilmington, and the advance of SHERMAN through South Carolina, would create new demands on the energy of the Confederate generals; and it is doubtful whether it may not be necessary to abandon Charleston. Admiral PORTER stated that he had found a despatch from General LEE, announcing that Richmond must be evacuated if Fort Fisher were taken. It is remarkable that the statement has not attracted the smallest attention, and it may therefore be assumed to be inaccurate. The importance which attaches to Admiral PORTER's assertion is probably appreciated as it deserves by his admiring countrymen.

THE PALACE OF JUSTICE.

IT seems to be a wonderfully difficult thing to get the Law housed in this practical country. Perhaps there is no subject on which so many grand speeches have been made without effect as on this matter of a Palace of Justice. JOSEPH HUME, sturdy economist as he was, began the movement in those ancient days when old St. Stephen's had just been burnt to the ground. But nothing came of that good-natured word for the lawyers. Perhaps it was thought that the Law, which makes many a suitor houseless, might not inappropriately be left without a house itself; but no one professes to hold this opinion now, unless it be Mr. SELWYN, and it is hard to say what even he believes, except that he is a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn. There seems to be no particular reason why the projected Law Palace was not built ten, twenty, or thirty years ago, except that every one agrees that it is essential, quite as much for the convenience of suitors as for the comfort of lawyers. This fatal unanimity has left room for infinite divergence of opinion as to the precise manner in which the work is to be carried out, and the particular public fund out of which the cost should be defrayed. A number of different schemes have been brought forward from time to time, any one of them good enough; but no sooner was any Bill introduced into the House than the advocates of every other possible or impossible project for the same purpose harmoniously fell to picking the actual plan to pieces, and Governments have never until now been earnest enough in the matter to take much trouble to overbear what has never been a really formidable opposition. Last year, for example, they allowed a division to be taken in a House so thin as to enable Mr. SELWYN and his small knot of malcontents to win their little victory by a majority of one; and, even after the second reading of the present measure on Thursday evening, it is by no means certain that some similar mischance may not again befall the unlucky scheme. The hopeless part of the case is, that all the argument in support of what is really a most important measure is utterly thrown away. If the ATTORNEY-GENERAL calls the Chancery Courts sheds, if Mr. BOVILL compares the Court-rooms at Westminster to dog-kennels and those at Guildhall to cucumber-frames, if Colonel SYKES objects to giving evidence in a rat-trap, the opponents of the plan always admit the nuisance with the most obliging candour, and confine their objections entirely to the remedy suggested. If any man proposes to build a house anywhere, it is always open to his friends to recommend that it should be built somewhere else, but it is a little hard to be kept for half a century in a hovel on account of the difficulty of choosing a site for a

mansion. The ground selected by the Government, after a weary amount of investigation by a series of Committees, is that occupied by the large block of low-class buildings which lie between the Strand and Carey Street. But no sooner is the plan announced than all those who would prefer Lincoln's Inn Fields, or the Inn itself, or the Thames Embankment, do their best to defeat the scheme, just as, some years ago, every city selected as the capital of Canada was out-voted in succession by a combination of the supporters of all its rivals. For our own part, we should be quite content with any site conveniently situated, and of sufficient extent; but there is no doubt that, both in its equal accessibility from Lincoln's Inn and the Temple, and in the large area available for building (no less than seven and a half acres being included in the notices given), the situation chosen by the Government has great advantages over every other. If the Thames Embankment would supply a more imposing frontage, as Mr. SCULLY contends, it is subject to the drawback that all building upon that portion of it has been expressly prohibited by a compact which Parliament has adopted, and that, even if this obstacle were removed, the available space would be wholly insufficient for the purpose. A frontage upon the Strand, if not the best imaginable for a building of considerable pretension, will afford ample scope for architectural effect; and, to urge what is perhaps the most conclusive argument in its favour, if the House of Commons will not agree upon this, it is quite certain not to consent to any other scheme. It is scarcely to be hoped that this opportunity of embellishing London will be turned to much better account than those which have already been thrown away. A competition under the direction of Mr. COWPER will not be attractive to architects who remember the Brompton arrangements, while, even if a good design should happily be selected, the architect will probably be required to put a new face upon it to gratify the dogmatic classicism of Lord PALMERSTON'S taste. The whole system of public competition has been so utterly discredited by the scandals in the case of the Lille Cathedral and the blundering in the matter of the Public Offices, that Mr. COWPER was probably judicious in falling back on a competition among a few selected architects as the only possible way of tempting the best men to enter the lists. Even under these conditions, a failure will only be averted by the appointment of judges above all suspicion, and by the offer of ample remuneration for the labour and the thoughts of the unsuccessful as well as of the successful candidates.

We are perhaps even now too confident in assuming that the Bill will pass, and that the funds destined for the building will be forthcoming. On the tiresome question of the justice or expediency of resorting to the stored-up profits of the Chancery Bank it is no longer necessary to dwell. The arguments against this course are all of them either incomprehensible, like those which Mr. WALPOLE has picked up after Mr. SELWYN had worn them out, or else as unconvincing as those of some of the Equity Judges. No one except Mr. WALPOLE and the member for Cambridge University has ever been able to understand why a banking profit made out of money held for a suitor who died a century ago should be regarded as the corporate property of the class of future suitors who may be minded to file bills in Chancery, from the present time to the end of the world. The ancient suitor, whose money was so well invested by the Banker of the Court, has nothing whatever in common with any future applicant to the Court, except that neither the one nor the other has ever had any more claim—legal, equitable, or moral—upon the large accumulated profits in the hands of the ACCOUNTANT-GENERAL than a depositor in the London and Westminster Bank has upon the profits of that flourishing establishment. As a matter of fitness and expediency, one can understand the view of Vice-Chancellor Wood, that it would be right to employ the fund which the Court of Chancery has accumulated, for purposes as closely as possible connected with that venerable institution. But this is precisely what the ATTORNEY-GENERAL insists that he is doing when he proposes to lay it out as the Chancery contribution towards a scheme which will do more to remove the anomalous distinctions between Law and Equity, and to benefit the suitors in both, than a score of statutes conferring jurisdiction on reluctant judges. It has suited the opponents of the Government plan to make the most of the objections of men so eminent as Lord Justice TURNER and Vice-Chancellor Wood; but it is not clear that their view diverges from the Government plan further than this, that they would consider the reduction and ultimate extinction of Chancery fees a more beneficial and

appropriate application of the funds than even the creation of suitable Courts, and the concentration of all our tribunals on the same spot. Even those who take a different view of the question of expediency will see that the opinions of the LORD JUSTICE and the VICE-CHANCELLOR have nothing in common with Mr. WALPOLE'S doctrine, which seems to regard the plaintiff in the last suit which has been instituted in the Court as a sort of lineal representative of the litigants for whom Lord ELDON'S Accountant-General acted as banker. However, this cloudy sentimental atmosphere does seem at length to have cleared up, and unless the Government should again treat their project with the same indifference by which they have sacrificed it before, the Session ought not to close without seeing, in the Palace of Justice Act, the consummation of the labours of some thirty years. Mr. WALPOLE is left in the solitary dignity of being the only man in England who thinks, or affects to think, that we may do very well as we are, and that there is no call to improve on the accommodation of the sheds attached to Westminster Hall. Lincoln's Inn has at last withdrawn its rather interested opposition, and Mr. SELWYN found no better argument against the scheme than the fallacious statement that the fund on which it is proposed to draw has no real existence. The unfairness of this pretence was satisfactorily shown by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL on Thursday night. The facts are simply these. There is a fund of about 1,500,000*l.*, charged at present with annual payments which about exhaust the whole income. But the charges are life annuities held by men of advanced age, and it is certain that half-a-million will be more than sufficient to provide for the whole burden, and leave a balance of more than 1,000,000*l.* in hand. This half-million is to be left untouched, and the rest of the fund is to be applied towards the expense of the new Palace of Justice. Nothing can be more straightforward than such an arrangement; and though, as a matter of form, a public guarantee will be given against any deficiency in the fund to meet the charges upon it, no liability whatever will accrue on this account, unless all the annuitants, in defiance of the opinion of the late Sir G. C. Lewis, should persist in living to be one hundred years old. Now that the ground has been cleared of all the worthless objections that have so long delayed the execution of the scheme, it may be hoped that the present Session will see the final adoption of this important measure.

CONSTITUTIONAL TRANSPLANTATION.

A CURIOUS question has just arisen in the colony of Victoria, touching the independence of the judicial office. A Judge wishes to go away from the colony for a pleasure trip, and accordingly does so, without asking leave from anybody. The Colonial Cabinet have no objection to his going, but insist that he ought first to have asked them. Thereupon the other Judges take the alarm. They say that their independence is being violated; and they stoutly maintain that they owe no duty to the Colonial Executive, and that, by the Constitution, they are liable only to be removed by the Sovereign, on the petition of both Houses of Assembly. The champions of the Executive, relying on an older Act, claim for it a power of suspending the Judges either for absence or misconduct; and they argue that otherwise there would be no remedy if a Judge were to misbehave grossly during the recess, or even if all the Judges were suddenly to leave the colony at the beginning of Term. The argument, so far as it depends upon the interpretation of statutes, is not of much importance to us, but the practical question touches us as closely as it does the colonists. Our Judges are, beyond all question, in the position in which the Victorian Judges claim to be. The Executive has not the slightest authority over them. If they are negligent, the HOME SECRETARY cannot force them to do their duty; if they behave ill, he can neither suspend nor punish them. No misconduct of theirs, however scandalous it might be, would authorize him to take the administration of justice out of their hands. If Parliament is sitting, there is the one only remedy of an Address to the Crown, from both Houses, praying for the removal of the offending Judge—a remedy which, unless the offence is very gross indeed, would be impossible of application. If Parliament is not sitting, there would be no remedy at all. As soon as the prorogation has taken place, a Judge may dance a hornpipe in Court at every assize town, and commit the Dean and Chapter of every diocese for contempt; but there is no possibility of bringing his amusements to a close till the time has come round again for Parliament to meet. In their anxiety to make Judges independent, the statesmen

of the Revolution have clothed them with an irresponsibility almost without limit. The curious thing is that we should have remained so long unconscious of this anomaly in our institutions, and that it should first have been laid bare to us by the experience of one of our youngest colonies.

A similar lesson upon another part of our system comes to us from another newly-founded colony. In this case New Zealand is our teacher. The system of Ministers owing obedience to the Sovereign and responsibility to the Parliament has worked very well, though in theory it looks as if it had been planned to produce disagreement and difficulty. Practically, the appointment of servants bound to serve two masters has had the anomalous effect of making those two masters agree better together than they ever did before. It is certain that, in our post-revolution history, the Crown and the House of Commons have often entertained different views; it is equally certain that the House of Commons has been in the main supreme, and that nevertheless the influence of the Sovereign upon English policy has been deeply felt at many a critical juncture. In spite of the undefined limit between the powers of the Sovereign and those of the House of Commons, and the still more vague relation of the Ministers towards each, nothing approaching to an open breach between Crown and Parliament has ever occurred. The fact that a machine so unscientifically constructed should have run so smoothly for so long a space of time has always made people in England apt to disbelieve in political science altogether. But there are conditions of society in which political science asserts its claims. Responsible government, the supposed discovery of the people of this country, has been exported with other British manufactures to many of our colonies. Wherever the course of the colony has been tranquil, it has succeeded fairly enough, as almost any form of government will succeed in a new and prosperous country. New Zealand is the only colony in which it has been severely tried. It has had to cope with financial difficulty and with war; and now, before it has been ten years in existence, it seems to have utterly broken down. The Governor and his responsible advisers came to an open breach, and the differences of opinion between them have been openly published in the form of successive exchanges of acrimonious memoranda. The Ministry has resigned at last, and its successors have commenced their official existence by an effort to provide for the future against any such discreditable exhibitions. The first announcement of Mr. WELD, the new Minister, is that the Home Government is to be asked to direct that the Governor shall in all cases conform himself strictly, as far as the Colonial Government is concerned, to the advice of his Ministers. Mr. WELD appears to imagine that such a system would be a faithful copy of responsible government upon the English model. It does not appear to occur to any of the Colonial politicians that, if this is a rule never to be departed from, the Governor might quite as conveniently, and far more economically, be left at home. If he is to be, in strict language, a mere puppet, he cannot be useful; and he is far too costly to be retained by so small a community simply for the sake of being ornamental. It is quite true that the independent authority of the Sovereign, and the supremacy of the Legislature, cannot be combined in any political formula. Logically they are irreconcilable. To combine them practically, in spite of logic, is the task which English rulers have performed successfully; and it is the task which is undertaken by those who assume to transplant English institutions. The problem is hard enough to solve, but the New Zealanders do not attempt to untie the knot; they simply cut it. The Government they are proposing is a pure Republic, with a Directory of five, holding their offices during pleasure.

The truth is, our anomalous systems are supported by a force for which we do not make sufficient allowance when we attempt to carry on this export trade in Constitutions. English institutions would be worth very little without the English public opinion which keeps them up. We do not feel its force, just as we do not feel the enormous weight of the atmosphere of the globe on which we live, because it presses us equally and constantly on all sides. But it is the one cause which, so long as its energy lasts, will make such dead-locks as those which occur in newer countries impossible. Judges do their duty in England, like most other people, very often only because they are compelled; but the compulsion is not one of law. They do not care to forfeit the position they hold in the esteem of the society which surrounds them, and the feeling is a more efficient spur to exertion and self-denial than the most absolute

dependence upon the will of a superior could afford. For the good conduct of statesmen the legal guarantee is even more shadowy. There is scarcely any mischief which a statesman might not practise, if he chose, without any fear that his subsequent retirement would be disturbed by personal consequences. The game which Herr BISMARCK is playing in Prussia might be imitated here to a considerable extent by a self-willed Sovereign and Minister. The House of Commons, of course, possesses the power of resistance by refusing supply, but it would require enormous provocation to induce it to incur a risk so fearful. The disorganization that would follow would hurt Parliament itself more than it would hurt the Sovereign. It may be safely said that the refusal of supply would be an act of so much violence that the Constitution could never afterwards recover its previous equipoise, or be what it was before. It is not the "power of the purse" which is the surest safeguard that the Parliament of England will not follow in the wake of that of Prussia. It is that no statesman could be found willing to forfeit the good opinion of those around him, or of his countrymen generally, by making himself the tool of such an attempt.

The Colonies which have borrowed what they imagine to be the English system will hardly make it work well until they have lost some of their present excessive faith in constitutional formulas. A brand-new set of best 1688 principles has been sent out to most of them; but the discovery is beginning to be made that principles will not work by themselves, unless there are men to keep them going. In New Zealand Responsible Government was established with much congratulation, and, as long as abstract terms are adhered to, a distant spectator may watch its working, and even its break-down, with reverential awe. But such feelings are seriously damped when the real facts come to light which these time-hallowed words are meant to cover. The Responsible Government that has been quarrelling with the Governor, and bringing the war in New Zealand to a dead-lock, is in many cases, as the Governor in one of his despatches mournfully complains, nothing higher than "the two leading partners of a legal firm in Auckland." Constitutional government is a noble thing, *mais il faut vivre*; and Colonial statesmen are exposed to this humiliating necessity like other men—they must reside where they can make their living. The result is, that the choice among those who can be depended on to reside within reach of the capital is very small, and the Governor has to be content with what he can get. It is somewhat of an anticlimax to find that the "Government" which has been defying Great Britain, and claiming an inalienable right to employ a British army in the extirpation of a brave native race, is nothing, after all, but a firm of Auckland attorneys. So much for constitutional transplantation.

EYES.

ASK, in any game of question and answer, what is the most beautiful thing we can take in and consider at a glance; and amongst the various answers—a rose, a lily, a star, a pearl, a dew-drop, a crescent-moon, a butterfly, a swan, a white hand, a tress of golden hairs—perhaps the most popular would be the eye, the eye of an innocent child, or beautiful woman, or man of thought and genius. And, in spite of the grave poet's contempt for frivolous men,

To whom the stars are not so fair as eyes,

we hold this answer to be the best; for where, in small compass, shall we find such variety and harmony, and, above all, such a unique charm, distinct from all others of its kind, and suggesting thoughts beyond itself, which is the especial province of the highest beauty? For those are not the most beautiful things that satisfy us as attaining all the perfection of which their nature is capable, but those which remind us of an ideal above themselves. Thus we may say of a given convolvulus that no other flower of its kind can be more beautiful; but no one ever said of a rose, Nature can do nothing better than this. And so of eyes. As the fancy has filled Paradise with roses such as our fairest spring-time has not seen, so Beatrice, in her supernal sphere, has eyes transcending their earthly attraction, so that, amidst celestial splendours, her lover needs to be gently admonished:—

Vincendo me col lume d'un sorriso,
Ella me disse: Volgiti, ed ascolta,
Che non pur ne' miei occhi è Paradiso.

It is probably this close connexion with the ideal that has caused so much to be said and written about eyes which cannot stand the test of severe reason. What poets, lovers, and novelists say on this fruitful theme pleases us, and stimulates the fancy to kindred speculation; but we much doubt if, in their higher flights, they ever hit our own observation and experience. There is a vast deal of fine writing afloat on the subject of eyes, suggested, indeed, by actual living eyes, but of which the inspiration is from

the ideal eye of the poet's imagination; his brain coins the more recondite meaning that he sees, or affects to see, in the liquid glancing orbs that set his muse to work. They have this power, not as interpreting the soul of Leonora or Oriana, but as reminding him that the eye is the window out of which looks the human heart and intellect, and he sees himself there. When Shelley writes of eyes into which

whose gazes

Faints entangled in their mazes,

the mazes are really not in the eyes but in himself; and when Miss Cobbe, enlarging on this text, talks of "the eyes we see every day full of untold aspirations and longings, and infinite loving and infinite suffering; eyes which, if placed beneath the old Roman or Grecian brow, would calcine the very marble"—and, again, of "modern eyes in which there is an electric light such as never shone in elder time"—we feel sure that, inspired by the idea of progress, she is talking transcendentalism, and that, if time and space and death could so far abrogate their laws as to show her some living eyes of beauties, heroes, philosophers, of two thousand years back, she would not find it so easy to fix their date as she thinks. We are not quarrelling with such speculations as these—indeed we rather like them; only they tell us more of the speculators than of their subject. One thing is certain, that, whether or not the expression of eyes in the whole human race changes with the duration of the world, the language of eyes is made a much more intricate matter with us, and has a grammar of which the elder masters of the human heart seem not to have known the terms. They are modest at analysis, or rely for their effects simply on hyperbole. "Heaven in her eye" convinces us in four words of Eve's perfect goodness and beauty; but explains nothing; and the "leadens eye that loves the ground" is suggestive, but does not carry us into particulars. Shakespeare's young-eyed cherubim flashes a vision upon us, but we are left as we can to fill in the detail. Eyes in that day were never described, if a touch would not do it. It was supposed to be past the art even of a poet to convey a notion of the meaning of eyes, beyond their expressing the changes of the soul, or the general quality of mind and temper. They were essentially things to admire, to rave about, to ask questions and replies from, not to read like a riddle or a cuneiform inscription. We are ready, indeed, to admit that the ancients had too much one idea—that of brightness—in their language about eyes. Romeo followed the fashion when he images of Juliet's eyes:—

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

The conceit would not take in our day. In fact, it is possible for eyes to be too bright, as Rosalind hints by disparaging Phoebe's "bugle eye-balls." These are not the eyes that "rain influence," if it were not for the elder poets, all the notions connected with carnage—the slaying and revivifying achievements of eyes—would be obsolete. Their sole idea of expressing the power of eyes was, not to note precisely what they were, but what they did. And no nonsense can be prettier than this strain in skilful hands. Pope's graceful satire has made the lightnings and murders of Belinda's eyes historic things. But fashions change; neither poets nor wits talk in this strain now; nor would ladies tolerate the archaism, should one venture on the language of despair from the effects of their bright glances.

Indeed, the subject of eyes has a good deal changed hands. It proves to have a peculiar fascination for feminine genius; and if we want really to know about the causes, the motives, and the springs of those wondrous effects we are all so sensible of, we must go to the pages of the female novelists. They treat the matter from a new point of view. The language of gallantry is necessarily discarded; all the glamour that confuses the male devotee is dispelled; we are no longer dazzled by flashes or terrified by wounds, but invited to look deep down into the very material and machinery of the potent influence that rules us. Miss Brontë and the author of *Adam Bede* are especially great upon eyes, and also especially feminine—that is, as treating the matter from the feminine point of view. In *Jane Eyre* it is not the material beauty of the eye, it is the soul, that effects so much. The authoress expends some words upon the eyes of every personage that appears upon her scene—from the Dowager's eyes, "fierece and hard," to those of the visitor who has to perform some passing action with the eye, "large and well cut, but the life looking out of it too vacant a life." With her, every person has his part within her drama, written in clear lines in his eye; while her main characters fight their battles with this one instrument, not with the old artillery of rays and darts, but solely by revealing through its crystal the soul within. This is a sort of thing probably entirely alien from most persons' habits of observation. People come and go, and likely enough we know neither the colour nor shape of their eyes; their expression is nothing to us unless we have reason to notice it. But as, in the abstract, we know that the whole strength of the mind is often seated in the eye, it does not take us by surprise that some people should uniformly find it there. We are scarcely aware of our own unobservance, and perhaps take for granted that we see the same sort of things ourselves. In the same way, the author of *Adam Bede* has made eyes the subject of much ingenious speculation which, however beyond the practice of ordinary readers, is still on a level with their sympathies. With calm superiority she muses on the weakness of the wisest men in this particular, while at the same time we gather that the untrained feminine instinct is often at fault. She has a striking passage on the expression of beautiful features inde-

pendently of thoughts to be expressed; and, as there are faces charged by nature with a meaning and pathos not belonging to the single human soul that flutters beneath them, so there are eyes that tell of deep love which doubtless has been and is somewhere, but not paired with those eyes—perhaps paired with pale eyes that can say nothing. This means that Hetty's eyes, in the head of a beautiful savage, could not have looked as hers did; but it was the feelings of her race and forefathers, not Hetty's own soul, that shone out of them. This is satisfactory, for, if we are misled by glorious eyes, this need not imply that we are mere dupes. It is where form, light, and colour are perfect, however, that these misconceptions arise.

There are, on the other hand, many eyes that pass for beautiful which owe all their credit to the mind that shines out of them. Thus, in speaking of Wordsworth's eyes, De Quincy says it was a mistake to call them large; they were really small, nor under any circumstances bright, lustrous, or piercing; but "they were capable of an appearance the most solemn and spiritual it is possible for a human being to wear." There was in them no superficial light, but—seeming to come from unfathomed depths—a light radiating from some far-off spiritual world." These effects were most apparent after long walks, upon which it is suggested that if young ladies knew how much the depth and subtlety, as well as actual colour, of eyes depends upon health, and what magical transformations are wrought in depth and sweetness by a few weeks of walking exercise, the habits of some fair ladies might alter for the better.

Poets and authors do well to impress on men the worship of the eye, and the study of its language; it is the speciality of their class. As a body, they themselves are neither beautiful nor imposing; indeed it is well if the author or authoress is not, to the unintelligent observer, the least noticeable of any company. But they have eyes—eyes to attract, arrest, and impress—eyes to assert for their owners their legitimate claim on attention:—

There are who to my person pay their court,
I cough like Horace, and though lean am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and "Sir, you have an eye."

And, after all, no one need complain of his share of nature's favours who has eyes that will worthily represent the best part of him. Many, we really think the majority, do not think much about eyes, unless they are prompted. Half the people one asks do not know the colour of the eyes of their best friends, and have nothing to say about them; but a clear, penetrating, responsive eye has, all the same, its magnetic effect upon them. These are the eyes that are unconsciously sought for, watched, appealed to, and often with such intentness upon their meaning that the homeliness of the adjacent features is all forgotten. There are times when the eye absolutely beautifies and transfigures all about it. Even where the mouth seems to have all the business of expression, as in the smile, the eye is often the real artificer. The lips perform the desired movement, but we lack the light which kindles and beams in concert, and, if this is wanting, the smile is but a dead affair even on beauty's lip, till we ask—

Give her nothing, but restore
Those sweet smiles which heretofore
In her cheerful eyes she bore.

Addison says that good breeding has the tongue, but nature keeps the eyes to herself. We are afraid, however, that people can feign with their eyes pretty nearly as well as with their tongue. We do not mean in the mere arts of flirtation, where, as Thackeray has it, the beauty "makes great eyes" at her adorer, but in the case of this particular smile; though possibly, where the eye calls up the genial look, the intellectual effort is greater and more lasting. An engaging manner is always befriended by obedient eyes. We are disposed to think that some consciousness of beauty is necessary for the full fascination of eyes. We have known a face of perfect regularity, and eyes worthy of the "staged" queen, fail of effect from the perversity which made the owner of these attractions careless of beauty, and intent solely on proving herself a superior woman. But this consciousness may be merely an effect of general homage quite separable from vanity. This is the look which gives to Sir Joshua Reynolds' beauties their sweet living charm—their eyes smile upon us in such security of our good-will. Another delightful effect is described by Shakespeare's term "young-eyed"; where the eyes are unconscious of self because they are ever looking out in eager hope and expectation of pleasure and happiness. Nothing in this world is pleasanter to look upon than this particular glance of a beautiful young face, so free, so bright, so seeking, so without guile or misgiving. Such a look cannot remain long; indeed it ought not, for it would degenerate into something hard and unthinking; but it subsides, in the right subject, into the honest eye which tells a plain tale so well. All honest people, however, have not what is called an "honest eye." It does not belong to the deeper, more intricate class of thinkers, and perhaps it is, moreover, incompatible with reserve. There are people who don't like to make too free with their glances, who could not put on the frank look without effort, and the sensation of a stare. It is a gift to be able to look men in the face, but it is not all people's way; and though many persons have this reluctance in common with stage villains, and some real scoundrels, it implies nothing worse in them than a troublesome, and perhaps painful, self-consciousness.

Big eyes, though so much is sung and said in their favour, are not so good for social uses as those of a size smaller and less preten-

tious. Anything that can be called an Orb is helpless in the minor and constantly recurring demands of feeling and intellect. Such eyes are great, no doubt, at the passions. They are the only eyes that can roll. They are terrible in frowns, and engaging in moments of softness and languor; a tear from them is a subject for Guido; but they are not the eyes to assist a good story with a genial twinkle, or to look you through and through, or to make you feel the good that is in common things, or perhaps even to tempt your confidence. They are not habitually bright, nor ought they to be. For a large eye conspicuously bright is fierce, feverish, and glazy. Clear every eye should be, clear and pure in every part; but there is no steely point of brilliant light in large full eyes. That we have to watch for in the narrow line of liquid colour between lids that a smile draws together. Yet, if experience is in favour of a medium, and not without a *tendresse* for small eyes, if well set and happy in their colouring, the imagination needs size and "sumptuousness"—that magnificence which finds its throne in the eye of heroic form, with pure full lids, dark rich fringes, and lustrous but not piercing brightness. This was the eye divined by the youthful lover:—

Love, if thy tresses are so dark,
How dark those hidden eyes must be.

These were the eyes of gods of old, happy in their immortality, and careless of men.

One might expect that the eye, as the especial interpreter of the soul, would, of all our features, retain its nature uninjured by time, but in fact the eye pales with age. It not only dims, but the colour washes out, as it were. We do not notice this change, because it is only in harmony with the other cool grey tints which steal over depth and colour; but we recognise the fact where we see the exception, and note the strange (almost weird) effect of clear, dark, glittering eyes in an old face—the token, where it is seen, of an exceptional vigour of mind or body.

The two great factions of eyes which used to vituperate one another as

Occhi neri fieri e muti
Occhi azzurri non sinceri—

are entirely merged in the gradations and distinctions of modern critics. Tawny and blood-red are now favourite colours for the iris of a certain truculent class of hero. Thackeray's bad women are green-eyed, and the eyes of Miss Braddon's last heroine are yellow. We don't often hear of these tints out of print. Nor, with regard to shape, are many people up in those niceties of portraiture on which so much ingenious word-painting is expended. Fortunately, we can read the meaning of eyes with less critical observation; and eyes can speak, and fairly represent a good head and heart, which are yet so insignificant in form, so ill-set, and so devoid of colour, that where the power of expression lies is a puzzle. In some countries fine eyes are a thing of course; it is far from being so with us, nor can it ever be in a busy, thinking generation. So that we are afraid the eyes of most of us, like Berengaria at Saladin's tournament, must be content with seeing, hopeless of the "still more excellent pleasure of being seen."

BREACH OF PROMISE.

THERE are certain problems which are in their nature insoluble. The ancient jest about the distance from the first of August to the top of St. Paul's represents the normal type of utterly inscrutable questions. But it really seems as if the British jury had occasionally to tackle mysteries of equal profundity. When a railroad has broken a man's leg, it is rather difficult to turn the damage into pounds, shillings, and pence. The perplexity is even greater when you have to investigate the pecuniary value of a smashed husband. When we ascend a step higher in the scale, and attempt to estimate a purely sentimental injury, any ordinary mind shrinks from the task. There is a school of political economists which includes immaterial products under the definition of wealth. Musical talent, or learning, or professional ability should, in their opinion, be reckoned as part of the proprietor's capital. But even the most transcendental economists have never, so far as we know, brought mere sentiments within their sweeping definition. The most prosaic of thinkers would hardly endeavour to compare material wealth with the pleasures of friendship or flirtation. The mind refuses even to make the attempt. We can imagine no substance in creation which can be converted into a common measure of value. We can construct from our inner consciousness no tariff to regulate the process of supply and demand. We feel as if we were under an exhausted receiver, with no medium to sustain our mental activity. Tired by the attempt to form any rational standard of comparison, we naturally turn to the Palladium of the British Constitution. We shall probably discover that men in a jury-box imbibe a certain extract of wisdom which enables them to solve these knotty points. They find themselves in possession of a calculus of mysterious efficacy. There must be formulae which, expressed in terms of love, friendship, and esteem, will bring out an answer in coins of the realm. Although the *a priori* method fails in our weak understandings, we may, by inspecting the results actually obtained, deduce some faint idea of the process employed.

We therefore felt much interest in observing the verdict in the case of *Lewis v. Powell*. The damages which Captain Clarke had to pay a few days before had considerably perplexed our minds. It did not seem easy to trace backwards the logical chain which had resulted in levying upon him a fine of 2,000*l*. But the case was

entangled by some embarrassing circumstances. When a gentleman takes to quoting hymns and Scripture, one never knows what may be the consequences. The mere sight of religious phraseology seems to exercise a specific effect upon the minds of a jury. They have a general impression that a defendant who uses, not merely poetry, which is bad, but religious poetry, which is infinitely worse, must have something wrong about him. Without any very definite theory as to its propriety in the particular case, the mere handling of such dangerous matter leaves behind it an odour savouring at once of the gay and the hypocritical deceiver. Now Colonel Powell appears to have carried on his negotiations without the least appeal to poetry or to religious considerations. The question was reduced to its very simplest terms. We might hope that the verdict in this case would lead to some trustworthy result. By discovering the precise value of a breach of promise committed under no aggravating circumstances, we might gain a clue for tracing out the rationale of more complicated cases. We confess that our expectation has been totally disappointed, and that we are as much at sea as ever. Colonel Powell is an elderly gentleman, of good property, suffering from paralysis. Notwithstanding his affliction, Miss Lewis had consented to marry him. She understood, however, that she was to be "rather a nurse than a wife." Such a marriage naturally seemed objectionable to Colonel Powell's friends, and they appear to have persuaded him to break it off. His resolution was communicated to Miss Lewis with sufficient delicacy. The only question was, therefore, what was the pecuniary value of Miss Lewis's disappointment. By some amazing process of reasoning, which we do not affect even dimly to understand, they decided that it was worth 2,000*l*. The most obvious remark to be made is that 2,000*l* would have been a small price for Miss Lewis to have paid to be rid of the engagement. The prospect of being rather a nurse than a wife does not seem specially attractive to the non-judicial mind. The misfortune of not living with, and not attending to, a paralytic old gentleman can scarcely require 2,000*l* to produce resignation. If Miss Nightingale had been prevented from visiting the Crimean hospitals, she would no doubt have much regretted the interruption, but a jury would hardly have put a large pecuniary value upon the frustration of her benevolent intentions. One would have supposed that the position defined as "rather nurse than wife" would combine the inconveniences characteristic of both situations. A lady must be endowed with remarkably sensitive feelings when a grievance so infinitesimal that most people would mistake it for a blessing requires to be so generously compensated. But one hardly feels disposed, without further proof, to attribute an excess of delicate sentiment to a lady anxious to occupy the peculiar position in question. The disappointment which arises from an expected share in a handsome fortune is certainly more serious. If, however, a man voluntarily offers to present some one with an annual income and afterwards withdraws the offer, it is not usually understood that he incurs any liability, unless the expectant receiver has been put to some definite expense in consequence of the expectation. Driven from every other speculation which can account for the eccentricities of twelve reasoning beings, we have only one further explanation to allege. Colonel Powell had been rash enough to plead some imputation upon Miss Lewis's character. Although he fully withdrew the imputation before the trial, and apologized for having made it, the fact that it had once been made probably kindled a glow of virtuous indignation within the jury's breasts. They resolved to make the unlucky Colonel smart for having dared to cast unjust insinuations on a British female. Whatever their motive may have been—and perhaps it is rather loss of time to indulge in speculations whose accuracy can never be verified—they have certainly given us food for serious meditation. It seems that neither age, nor infirmities, nor position can fully protect a man from the dangers that beset a rash engagement. If you have once agreed, under any circumstances, to perpetrate a marriage, you must carry out the agreement under penalty of a retribution which is all the more awful because it is perfectly vague and indefinable beforehand. You can never account for the possible results any more than you can tell what would be the consequences of smoking a cigar in a powder-magazine. Although you may be pursuing the most sensible course both for yourself and the titular object of your affections, you are liable to a severe and arbitrary punishment. You have the pleasing alternative of marrying a woman for whom you don't care, or of allowing a jury to take a slice at random out of your estate. We have entirely failed in discovering, from a consideration of the late verdicts, the proportion between the criminal action and its penalty, unless some mysterious principle is involved in the identity of the sum. Can it be that 2,000*l* is a unit of punishment, to which, or to some multiple of which, every one is liable who has a certain amount of property? Or how is the equation established between a young gentleman who has broken off a rash match but has been foolish enough to sandwich his letter between two hymns and a scriptural quotation, and an old gentleman who has never talked texts or hymns but has an attack of paralysis? It may perhaps be maintained that, however vague in amount, the penalty works well if it discourages rash engagements. It is as well that young gentlemen should be deterred from trifling with the affections of young ladies, and that old gentlemen, who are very unlikely to trifle with any one's affections, should be deterred from making fools of themselves. The worst of it is that it cuts two ways. Old gentlemen are certainly likely to act with somewhat more circumspection so

long as they remember the verdict of *Lewis v. Powell*. On the other hand, a premium is offered to enterprising females. They have a double chance. They may get a certain income burdened with the condition of nursing an infirm old man, or at worst they may have a round sum down. Now, as the number of matches of this description probably depends more upon the eagerness of the pursuer than upon the feeble defence of the victim, it will probably tend, on the whole, to increase. It is true that the game will have become somewhat wild, but the skill of the sportsman generally rises at a still higher ratio.

The inequality of the remedy is more striking when we compare such cases with others in which there has been real hardship involved. It is quite plain that the unlucky Colonel Powell, although he had committed a weak action, had done nothing unworthy of a gentleman. There could be no serious pretence, for a moment, that in breaking off the match he had really caused any great hardship. There was no probability that the lady would thenceforward have to wander about the world as a stricken deer or a bruised reed, or whatever is the proper metaphor. Cases constantly occur in which a man is guilty of the greatest possible baseness in breaking off an engagement. We feel instinctively that a physical or a moral horsewhipping is imperatively required. The direct physical application is, however, becoming somewhat obsolete, and is liable to obvious objections. The moral remedy cannot always be effectively applied. The offender may very likely have shown a thoroughgoing meanness of soul that would disgrace a pickpocket. Of course, he is all the more incapable of suffering from the moral sanction. It would be some satisfaction, therefore, if we could hit his most vulnerable spot, by fining him to a satisfactory degree. Unfortunately, he too often escapes by the natural dislike of his victim to have the story of her engagement brought into court. The number of tolerably innocent men who suffer severely in their escape from the claws of the predatory variety of the sex is more than balanced by the number of guilty men who escape scot free, though every honest man knows the precise spot at which he would like the toe of his boot to touch them.

Were it not for this consideration, we could unfeignedly congratulate the devotees of woman's rights upon the position occupied by their client. In this, if in no other circumstance of life, women have a decided superiority over the other sex. If they choose to come into court, the boldest man may well tremble at the prospect of an encounter. He may have behaved with the utmost prudence; the lady may be heartily glad to be rid of him, but she still may hope for ample damages for a microscopic wrong. On the other hand, the wretched man who has been jilted has no consolation provided for him. He may pine away, or take to drinking, or, like the heroes of the author of *Guy Livingstone*, plunge into reckless debauchery. He may console himself with tobacco, or brandy, or the dice-box. But it is for ever denied to him to receive satisfaction at the hands of a jury of his countrymen. A few rash men have tried it at long intervals. A Scotchman, who must have been singularly deficient in the canny instinct of his nation, appeared in court the other day at Glasgow. But, unless a man likes to expose his woes to the unfeeling laughter of a crowded room, he had better allow concealment, like a worm in the bud, to feed upon his damask cheek. It may be said that, as a matter of fact, a man generally recovers from the shock, and that few men have constitutions so delicate as to be entirely upset, even under the disagreeable process of being jilted. But we confess that most of the ladies who obtain satisfaction from an indignant jury appear to be of a sufficiently tough fibre to rise superior to the blow, even if unsupported by the solid consolation of heavy damages.

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

CARDINAL WISEMAN'S death leaves a perceptible blank in society. In more pursuits than one, if he did not attain to the foremost rank, yet he far exceeded the standard which, in these decaying days of the Latin Church, has been attained by Continental ecclesiastics. In mere theology he has been distanced by Perrone and Döllinger; but it is not to be forgotten that, in days when the Oriental scholars of Europe might be reckoned by a very few scores, Dr. Wiseman gained a reputation by his Syriac studies. Had he concentrated his powers, he might have attained distinguished success in literature; but the rock on which he was always destined to split was the affectation of omnigenous learning. His early works displayed a promise which an active, not to say an intriguing, life left him little possibility of fulfilling; but it may be doubted whether he ever had the pith and substance of a great divine, even according to the accredited Roman type. His controversy on the Eucharist with Turton, subsequently Bishop of Ely, displayed a caution which he afterwards forgot in the more reckless career of a review-writer; and his earlier *Lectures on Science and Revealed Religion*, had not the fatal influence of the purple intervened, were not altogether inconsistent with that liberality of thought which it was his work, when verging on the climacteric, to crush. Success, however, ruined the rising ecclesiastic's literary career; and though there is not one of his works which does not exhibit something more than cleverness, it was not given to the Cardinal to represent what was perhaps his ideal of a Prince of the Church. If we might conjecture, he sought to exhibit the Christianized form of the Cardinal of the Renaissance—the patron at once and teacher of all letters.

As a biographer, in his *Four Last Popes* he displayed the partisan rather than the historian; in *Fabiola* he showed considerable skill in archaeology, and no mean powers in fiction, while his knowledge and appreciation of art, if hazy and indistinct, was much beyond that of his contemporaries. His style was ambitious, and it may perhaps be attributed to his foreign blood that he never acquired that wise perception of the English taste or feeling which might have marked out for him the perilous line between the sublime and the ridiculous. When he attempted most—whether it was in the revival of the hierarchy, or in the construction of a sentence meant to be more than usually stately and effective—he failed most egregiously; and though he aimed at popularity, and did not disdain to give public, and what he really wished to be useful, lectures, there was a certain stiffness which showed that he was not to the manner born, and that it was always with an effort that he assumed the character of a man of the world. It is, however, with what he deemed his character as a politician and statesman, and with his personal influence on the fortunes of his community that we are now more concerned.

By his death the Church of Rome has lost an ecclesiastic of a type that is every day becoming more and more rare. The Papal policy and the conditions of European life have combined with an irresistible force to produce a race of clergy who are priests, and nothing more. Whether for good or for evil, the modern type of the Catholic prelate has become such that the vigorous old mediæval bishops and monks would hardly recognise their own lineal descendants in the intensely clericalized multitudes who now take their shape and impress from the central power at Rome. With all his faults, Cardinal Wiseman was a prelate of a higher and nobler stamp. A more curiously combined character has rarely presented itself to criticism. It was not only curious from its natural anomalies, but was specially interesting as an illustration of the influences of the Roman system on a mind in some respects ill-adapted to receive them. In fact, it is doubtful whether these influences were ever thoroughly "assimilated" or "taken up into the system"—to use medical phrases—in the late prelate. He was, further, a notable instance of the small value of really considerable abilities, when accompanied by a mere literary love for knowledge, as distinguished from that passionate and profound love for theoretical and critical truth which is usually found in intellects of the highest order. A hard worker from his boyhood, versatile in his capacities and liberal in his tastes, with a keen eye for the controversial openings of an adversary and an aptitude for comprehending the relative logical importance of the various elements involved in any matter brought home to him—being, in fact, a man of altogether singular cleverness, and of undeniable talents of no contemptible order—he nevertheless failed in mastering any subject whatsoever in such a manner as to satisfy those who had made it their real study. He was, in a word, a dilettante, and stood there. Few men with his powers have ever so little comprehended the world in which they lived; and we cannot but suspect that he was really as little at home among the thoroughly Italianized Churchmen of Rome and his brother Cardinals, as he was among the English people whose good will he so highly valued.

The clue to the inconsistencies of the Cardinal's character is not difficult to detect. It is to be found in a remarkable vanity and love of applause, united to a personal timidity unusual in a man of so much intellectual energy and such unhesitating self-reliance. To these must be added an undoubted sincerity in his religious opinions, and an honest conviction that the Ultramontane theory is the only legitimate development of the elementary principles of Catholicism. Doubtless he was an ambitious man; but not, we should surmise, in the sense of loving the exercise of autocratic power for its own sake. He would have made a poor inquisitor, and he had nothing of the tyrant about him. If he could have so contrived it, he would have made no man his enemy; and yet few men have made more enemies, nor was he always scrupulous in the choice of means for damaging an opponent. But all this was in harmony with the good-nature and geniality of his disposition. He loved to be a great man, that he might inhale the incense which a great position ensures for its fortunate possessor; but he specially loved a throne as a conspicuous seat for the display of his personal gifts. When he quarrelled with people, it was because they interfered with his glory, or refused to join the circle of his admirers, or attacked him as a writer. He wished to be a Mæcenæ and something more, a Leo X., or a Cardinal Wolsey; the dispenser of smiles, the bright particular star of a constellation of genius, learning, piety, and *haute noblesse*. Early in the Tractarian movement he discerned its force and its religious sincerity, as well as the Romeward tendencies of some of its followers; and he distinguished himself from the majority of the Roman clergy by rejecting the old anti-Protestant vulgarities of warfare, and adopting the tone of a gentleman and a sympathizing friend in his writings in the *Dublin Review*. Among his many ebullitions of self-importance there was none more pardonable than the complacent gratulations with which he contemplated his past controversies with the High Church party, when he republished his essays. It was indeed in his connexion with the High Church movement and its ultimate results, that the good and bad points of his character were most conspicuously displayed. Probably no man expected more from Tractarianism and its consequences, and no man was more egregiously disappointed. Himself one of the few English Roman Catholics who could pretend to be well-educated, his appreciation of the literary culture of the

Oxford writers served to quicken his theological zeal for effecting their conversion; and he probably found it even more delightful to assist in changing the opinions of the great chief of the Oxford party than to receive a Duchess into the Roman Church. His eagerness to complete the work by turning as many "distinguished converts" as possible into priests with the utmost speed, not only led him into occasional difficulties—as in the case of Mr. Sibthorp—but was severely censured by the more steady-going clergy of the old school; and he is said never to have forgotten a hit that he received from the London Correspondent of an Irish Ultramontane newspaper, who informed the world that "Mr. Manning had been just ordained by Dr. Wiseman, and was about to proceed to Rome to begin his theological studies." This love for "distinguished converts," at least for those of any intellectual celebrity, soon began to wear away. As the novelty of their altered position passed off, men of any strength of character and distinctness of views rapidly ceased to offer to the object of their fresh idolatry that worship which he had expected to find as lasting as it was sweet. From worshippers they often became rivals and critics, and in many cases found themselves more at home with the less pretentious and more practical of the older clergy and laity than with the more brilliant and rhetorical Cardinal. In fact, those who are said to be well informed in the matter declare that it is hard to decide whether he was less popular with the clergy of his own diocese or with the more influential and cultivated of the Anglican converts.

This excessive self-appreciation and longing for personal influence were, indeed, the cause of many of the late Cardinal's difficulties; and the more so, as he had little real knowledge of men in general, and especially of Englishmen. It is clear from his after proceedings that the storm stirred up by the "hierarchy" affair took him completely by surprise, while his annoyance was intensified by the recollection that it was to his own unwise and bombastic pastoral that the tempest was chiefly due. Yet, after the shattering of his visions of a reception at a royal levee, glowing in all the splendours of that scarlet which was to him what the first ball-dress is to a girl of eighteen, so little did he understand the meaning of the hubbub, that he actually attempted to get his chaplain presented at Court, with the title of a Roman Prelate prefixed to his name. With a similar ignorance of the opinions of men, he retained the editorship of the *Dublin Review* after he became a bishop, and only suffered it to pass from his hands within the last year or two. To suppose that he deliberately intended to strengthen his power as a critic and controversialist by adding to it the weight of a high official position would perhaps be unfair. Nevertheless, the natural consequences followed; and the more liberal and scientific of Roman Catholic writers speedily found themselves in a controversial attitude towards an antagonist whose position looked like that of joining the functions of an inquisitor to those of a pamphleteer. A more unjustifiable proceeding can hardly be found in the chronicle of the republic of letters than the ecclesiastical condemnation which the Cardinal procured for the *Home and Foreign Review*, taken in connexion with his own failures in the struggle for literary influence and popularity. At the same time, these indecisions were doubtless partly due to the Cardinal's extreme timidity. The Roman clergy are rarely brave, and probably the Italian Jesuits are the most arrantly cowardly body of men in the whole world. But, apart from his priestly training, Cardinal Wiseman was constitutionally unable to confront the frowns of his fellow men. He had all the vanity of a Frenchman, with little of his courage. His notion of warfare was founded on the narrative in the Book of Joshua where the walls of Jericho fall prostrate at the blast of many trumpets—with this difference, that the trumpets must sound a *fanfare* in glorification of the conqueror himself. There is nobody so harsh and unfair as a timid man when he is in difficulties; and the faults of temper and the unjust acts which report attributes so freely to the late Cardinal were caused, it may reasonably be suspected, by his personal dread of a "fair fight and no favour." When he gave a lecture at the Royal Institution, his somewhat unnecessary expressions of gratitude for the "kindness" of his reception were, we doubt not, something more than a mere piece of vulgar flattery of a Protestant audience. The applause of a Protestant audience was, in fact, the sweetest morsel he ever tasted, as its hisses would have thoroughly frightened him.

Much excuse is to be made for such a man, condemned by the Roman policy to a life of celibacy, and forbidden all but a restricted enjoyment of the more genial and vigorous pleasures of modern social and intellectual life. A great man he could never have been, under any system, for his character was destitute of backbone; but he might have been, under other circumstances, a happier and a better man. Like many of the Roman clergy, he was a lover of children, and is said never to have appeared to more advantage than when in their company. One who knew him well, and very much disliked him, used nevertheless to relate that, when he was saying his prayers, or listening to or telling a good story, his countenance, ordinarily unattractive, wore a new expression. Few men ever more thoroughly loved a good joke, or told a good story with more relish and joviality. Some people laugh only with their eyes, others—which is worse—laugh only with their mouths. The Cardinal's enjoyment showed itself all over his face; and there could not have been anything very bad in a man whose countenance thus bespoke the mirth that was in him. In fact, he was a big, over-grown boy, with the foibles of childhood stiffened into

the faults of a man. A worse man of business, a more unfair controversialist, a man with less sense of rigorous justice, a more vain and self-glorifying personage, and—it must be added—a more turgid writer of the English language, it would be difficult to name. Nevertheless, we believe that none who knew him intimately ever doubted his fundamental sincerity and piety, or attributed his abject dread of the displeasure of Rome to a mere worldly subservience. He served her faithfully, but we are not disposed to think that her gains have been very large, though sufficiently showy, through his advocacy and instrumentality. Protestants have little to complain of in regard to him; and as to the world of journalists, he furnished them with so peculiar and perennial a subject for easy and entertaining criticism, that all seem to have lost a friend at his decease. We shall not soon meet again with a man who is at once a Cardinal Archbishop, a man of real cultivation and untiring activity, of liberal tastes and varied reputation, and at the same time so utterly incapable of comprehending the situation of affairs, or of perceiving the inconsistencies of his own proceedings, as was the deceased Cardinal Wiseman.

SERVANTS AND TRADESMEN.

THE Duke of Sutherland has done good service to society by his recent letter on the relations subsisting between household tradesmen and domestic servants. He has announced his intention to dismiss all servants who receive, and to withdraw his custom from all tradesmen who give, percentages, or any other kind of bonus or gratuity on his household accounts. It is perhaps only a nobleman with the Duke's means, and one whose motives must be above misrepresentation, who could venture on a public protest against a social wrong which is of no small magnitude. But these are precisely the services which society has a right to demand from station and wealth. *Noblesse oblige*; that is, nobility entails many duties which it is impossible for inferior persons to discharge; and we are by no means sure that such unostentatious contributions to the cause of public honesty and good faith between man and man as this letter of the Duke, do not contribute more to the real improvement of society than many of the showy virtues of the nobility who delight to expatiate on platforms and effloresce in subscription lists. The task which the Duke of Sutherland has set before him is, however, one which, if it is to be generally followed out, involves hard and disagreeable work; and he must be perfectly well aware that little or nothing is done by a circular even so neatly and tersely worded as that which he has addressed to his West End tradesmen. What that work is we may conjecture, by proposing to ourselves the task undertaken by the Duke, and multiplying it a hundredfold. In his case, it does not mean merely accepting his house-steward's book, and drawing a couple of hundred cheques against his quarterly bills; but it means comparing the prices charged for every article of domestic consumption with the fair average market and retail price. It means a collation of qualities and a verification of quantities of all goods in daily household use. It means a testing of weights and measures, as well as of prices. For, in point of fact, the relation subsisting between householders and tradesmen is of the nature of a bargain between Government and a contractor, and there ought always to be a viewer or check interposed on the articles sent in. This viewer, in the case of small households, is the housekeeper, in most cases the wife; in large establishments it is the house-steward, housekeeper, or butler. The case put in the Duke's letter, in which the viewer consents to take a bribe, for that is practically what it amounts to, in the shape of a percentage on the contract, represents a system very much too simple and patent to be generally resorted to. The relations between tradesmen and servants are much more complex and refined than this; and though it is quite certain that in many cases the superior servants are salaried by the shopkeepers, and receive direct payments in money or goods, or large Christmas gratuities, it is not always on the understanding that higher prices should be charged than the ordinary market rates. Nobody can have watched the details of housekeeping without coming to the conclusion that the indirect modes of overcharge are much more numerous, as well as more subtle, than the direct ones.

At this age of the world it seems a strange conclusion to arrive at, but we believe the fact to be that the whole system of testing weights and measures is at the very lowest point of efficiency. There is such an institution as the Inquest, but, as it consists of neighbours and retail tradesmen, there is no occasion to enlarge on its obvious usefulness. Where is the householder who ever weighs goods supplied, and, when he does so, what does he discover? He is sure to find, in the particular instance, a deficiency, which of course is always an unlucky mistake. In the first and most fundamental article of domestic consumption, that of bread, it is the custom of the trade to weigh loaves when sold over the counter, but to deliver them unweighed at the customer's house. That is to say, there are two quantities supplied by the baker at the same price; the four-pound loaf, four pounds in weight, sold in the open shop, and its deficiency made up by fractional pieces, and the unweighed quarter loaf, made by the rule of thumb, delivered at our doors. The baker tells you that the difference pays for his trouble of delivering and booking. The same with meat. The shop price is one thing, the booking price another; and the regular customer

has to submit to that custom of the trade which consists in decking bones and "trimmings" after the scale. With the fish-monger it is much the same. Fish varies in price daily, but there is absolutely no security to the customer who keeps a book that he is not charged frosty-day prices for his turbot and soles on the mildest day in spring. We mention these various instances only to prove that a tradesman who defends the practice of giving percentage, and adding it to his account, need not avail himself of this coarse and vulgar mode of enhancing his profits. All that he wants is a housekeeper or steward who asks no questions, and is content to take things easily.

It will be objected that to say this is to assume a very debased standard of tradesman's morality. We fear that the fact is so. It is likely to be so. The very conditions of retail trade are almost fatal to scrupulous morality. The profits arising from a multitude of small transactions almost inevitably suggest a slippery mode of securing them. The difficulties of detection are enormous, the chances of immunity equally large. And we all know from experience the little accidents to which little running accounts are liable. The mistake of sending in a bill twice over; the mistake of entering the same goods twice; the mistake of adding up the figures; the mistake of not crossing out payments in the day-book; the mistake of not allowing for goods, or bottles, or packages returned; the mistake of charging the same goods to two customers—all these little mistakes, which recur with the symmetry of a repeating decimal, and which must be familiar to the householder's experience, point to a state of trade morality which is not pleasant to contemplate, and which is only met by the Duke of Sutherland's circular so far as regards a special department of the customs of retail trade. No doubt there is a remedy for all this. It is quite possible not only to pay one's household bills every week, which of course keeps things within some bounds, but it is (in a sense) possible, as abroad, to go daily into the open market with a basket on your arm and to buy all the articles of domestic consumption over the counter. But we all know, and nobody knows better than the retail tradesman, that this is practically in most English families impossible. Time is of more value than money to the customer; and we cannot afford to sacrifice life to the means of life. The consequence is that all of us, more or less, submit to the booking system of housekeeping because it saves trouble. We pay for the privilege of peace. We lazily submit to what we know is practically extortion, because no human temper can, or ought to, submit to give up two or three hours a day to the business of purchasing in the cheapest market, and verifying the weight, and price, and quality of every leg of mutton or pound of butter. In a simpler stage of society, and when the population of a town was more condensed, the special markets for meat, vegetables, or fish rendered it much more easy to arrive at the current market price than can be the case now-a-days with housekeepers in London. And it is for this reason that housekeeping is cheaper and easier in provincial towns than in the metropolis. The conclusion is a sorry one; not that by any means—

the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat;

but that we submit to what is the least of two evils. No housekeeper, with an income of more than 500*l.* a-year, can be expected to do more than keep himself awake to the evils of the booking-system, and check it as well as he can. Smaller folks can make a slender income go much further than the wretched middle classes and professional people whose incomes range between 500*l.* and 1,500*l.* a year. It is upon them that the burthen of life falls most heavily in housekeeping. They, being genteel folks, find it to be undignified and lowering in the social struggle to enter those open protests against the morality of tradesmen which men like the Duke of Sutherland can afford to publish. "Missis is so mean," and "Master is so suspicious," are words of fear with all in the kitchen, while dukes and marquises can afford to disdain the uncomplimentary comments of the servants' hall or the parlour of the Blue Boar. He is a benefactor to his race who, in the present state of things, spends his whole life in checking the abuses of London housekeeping. But such heroic virtue is rare. And in this imperfect state of things, even a spurt of economical inquiry, a single burst of virtue on the part of customers—an access of which may be reckoned upon usually about Christmas—will have its value. All that we can do is to recommend the Duke of Sutherland's example to our wives, and to hope, rather than to expect, that his courageous example will be generally followed.

WIMBLEDON COMMON.

EVERY open space near London is of such inestimable value to the public, and Wimbledon Common is so absolutely essential to the Volunteers, that we need not apologize for recurring to the subject of the Wimbledon Common Inclosure Bill. The keenness with which the project has been watched and criticized in the interests of strolling citizens, by the natives of the adjacent district, and even by the representatives of the Crown, is testified by a small blue-book of Papers and Correspondence which has accumulated since the preparation of the Bill. Although some details still remain open to discussion, we may say at once that the tone of this correspondence affords every reason to believe that the Bill will be passed in a shape which will leave no room for complaint. Among the letters printed, is a full

statement prepared by Lord Spencer's solicitor, explaining the views with which the project was started, and the modifications to which the Lord of the Manor will cheerfully consent. In this we find Lord Spencer's legal position defined very much as we described it in our comments on the Bill. The only right which has brought in any substantial profit is that of taking gravel and turf. The pasturage has been of comparatively small value either to the Lord or the Commoners. But beyond these immediate privileges there is—in theory, at any rate—a power in the Lord of the Manor, or in the Lord and the Homage combined, to enclose the common bit by bit by a process called approving. A similar power over Wandsworth Common has been very largely and profitably exercised, almost, indeed, to the destruction of the waste, but this was long ago; and Lord Spencer reasonably enough admits that, even if such a course would be possible now on a large scale, its propriety would be very questionable. It is one of the inconveniences of holding property of this description in the neighbourhood of London, that a certain extralegal restriction of manorial rights has practically to be put up with, though it is a good set-off against these popular claims that the vicinity of a huge town augments the value of the remaining rights and property of a Lord of a Manor to an extent far greater than any damage incurred by the practical suppression of the privilege of approving the waste. No property in England has, in fact, increased so much in value as the manors situate on the outskirts of London; and, in formally giving up the theoretical right of appropriating the waste, Lord Spencer was only surrendering a claim which he could never have attempted to enforce. As his solicitor fairly enough puts it, Lord Spencer's sacrifice was one "of which, whatever its real extent, he would scarcely be sensible." If Lord Spencer does not profess to be making any pecuniary sacrifice in the scheme which he has proposed for the public good, he has, since the matter has been publicly discussed, made a sacrifice of another kind which many men in his position would have refused. He has met the criticism to which his Bill was justly open by frankly giving up his own (or more probably his solicitor's) views on all the controverted points of any importance, and has shown the same desire to carry out the modifications suggested by others as the portions of the scheme which his critics have left intact.

In the new phase which the matter has assumed, our own objections are completely met. The scope of the Bill, it will be remembered, was to authorize the sale of a portion of the common and the enclosure of the rest, to endow the Lord of the Manor with something like absolute dominion as Trustee or Protector of the Park, to leave his profitable rights of digging gravel in force, and to bestow on him all the improved pasturage within the enclosure, in consideration of the maintenance of the Park, which he was willing to take upon himself. The obvious blot on this scheme was, that the protection of the public interests could not properly be left to the sole discretion of the only person who had any conflicting interests. There were two ways in which this difficulty might be met. Lord Spencer might either give up his private emoluments from the Park, taking fair compensation for them, or he might resign all pretensions to the office of Trustee. This was one of the subjects most canvassed by the local Committee which sat upon the Bill, and by Mr. Gore, in his double capacity as a resident and as the guardian of the Crown property within the manor. The conclusion arrived at, with the full assent of Lord Spencer, is all that need be desired. In the first place, it is proposed to vest the government of the Park in three Trustees—one of them to be an Inclosure Commissioner, another a nominee of the Crown, and the third the Lord of the Manor for the time being. At the same time, in order to remove the disqualification arising from his private rights over the Common, Lord Spencer now proposes to give up altogether the privilege of taking gravel and turf, and the right to the herbage—receiving, of course, compensation, to be assessed in the usual way, for the loss of what is now an important source of profit. The only difficulty in the way of this arrangement was, that the proceeds of the land set apart for sale would probably have proved inadequate to provide the requisite compensation and at the same time to leave a fund for the maintenance of the Park. This, however, is completely obviated by an offer on the part of Lord Spencer to take his compensation, if need be, in the shape of a rent-charge on the Park. The embarrassments arising from private interests having been thus satisfactorily disposed of, all that is left of the controversy lies in comparatively small compass.

It seems never to have been contemplated to alter the general character of Wimbledon Common, or to do more than drain some inconvenient swamps, clear a little of the superabundant gorse, and perhaps plant a few trees here and there; b. the unlucky term "Park," applied for distinction's sake to the portion intended to be enclosed, filled the minds of the natives of that part of the country with the fear that the Trustees would be barbarous enough to civilize the picturesque waste into the resemblance of a trim garden or a London park. As an effectual obstacle to this imaginary design, they have suggested that the dedication of the Common to the public should be made without any enclosure at all. This simple proposal would certainly tend to preserve the wild aspect of the place, which is its great charm to those who reside in the neighbourhood; but the reasons in favour of some sort of rough enclosure are of considerable weight, and we are glad that on this point Lord Spencer, instead of deferring at once to his local counsellors, has proposed to leave the question to be decided by the Parliamentary Committee before which the Bill may come. The

inhabitants of the pretty district around Wimbledon Common have perhaps naturally forgotten that they do not absolutely represent the whole public in the matter. In fact, to a certain extent, their wishes are likely to be somewhat opposed to that large class, composed of the Volunteers and their friends, but for whom in all probability the scheme would never have been broached. The National Rifle Association would of course be glad to find their practice-ground ready enclosed, and to save the heavy expense of temporary fencing which, after all, does not answer the purpose of wholly excluding trespassers. But a much more serious, and indeed almost a conclusive, objection against leaving the Common open is, that without an enclosure it will be impossible for the Trustees to supply themselves with the necessary funds. The compensation rent-charge must be met, as well as the annual expense of maintaining the Park; and it is difficult to see how this can be managed otherwise than by making profit of the grass, as is done in other parks. For this purpose some sort of enclosure is essential, and it ought not to be difficult to design a fence which should not appreciably detract from the rugged beauty of the Common. Any cheap fence, indeed, would be almost certain to fulfil this important condition. As a sort of set-off against the loss of income which would result from leaving the Common open, it has been suggested that the expense of compensating the commoners might be saved by reserving to them their ancient rights. This would, in a small way, be as objectionable as the first proposal to reserve the rights of the Lord of the Manor. What is wanted is a Common wholly free from any private rights, and the trifling sum saved in respect of tenants' compensation would not repay the inconvenience which their intrusion on the public ground would occasion. Nor, even when this was done, would the pecuniary difficulty be surmounted, as the Wimbledon Committee are evidently aware, for they propose to defray the excess of expenditure by voluntary contributions among themselves—an offer which, however generous, the public would do well to decline if they do not wish the Park to degenerate into a sort of private heritage of the residents in the immediate neighbourhood. We are very much inclined to think that, in the modified form which Lord Spencer now proposes to give to it, the Bill will be more generally beneficial than if the special fancies of the local Committee had been allowed to prevail without resistance. One suggestion on a point of detail may not be thrown away. As the Bill is framed, it is not quite clear whether the Trustees, who in all else are omnipotent, would have power to set up or grant the use of rifle-batts, though it is made perfectly plain that they may destroy those already in existence. This defect may easily be removed in the process of alteration which the Bill is undergoing; and it is obvious that the Trustees, who will represent at once the local interests of property in the neighbourhood and the general interests of the public, ought to be left to exercise their own discretion as to the extent to which rifle-shooting can be encouraged without trenching on the use of the Park for other less military enjoyments. But it is unnecessary to dwell on details, for, if the Bill does not ultimately become a model piece of legislation, it will not be for want of close and jealous scrutiny from every point of view.

THE DEFENCE OF CORNHILL.

WHENEVER it is proposed to unite, for police purposes, the City with the rest of London, the answer is that the concentration of valuable property in the City requires for its guardianship higher qualifications than are possessed by the ordinary police of the metropolis. The recent burglary in Cornhill has somewhat shaken the confidence of citizens in the efficiency of the system which they have insisted on maintaining, and doubtless the humiliation of civic pride has occasioned in Scotland Yard a little of that quiet satisfaction with which we all regard the misfortunes of our friends. It might be readily conceded that there is need of special provision for the security of an aggregation of gold and jewels, and persons imperfectly acquainted with the locality would easily have believed that the police arrangements in Cornhill were superior to those of Camberwell. It appears, however, that the arrangements are just the same, or, if the City has any advantage, it is that there are within its precincts few smart servant-girls to attract the glances and absorb the thoughts of constables. As there are no area belles in Cornhill, a policeman could have no temptation to divert his eyes from their lawful occupation of peeping through the holes in Mr. Walker's shutters. We cannot help thinking that it must be dull work patrolling the deserted and silent City of a night; and perhaps the true reason for that removal of experienced constables of which the inhabitants of Cornhill complain is that human nature cannot endure more than a few years of such monotonous employment.

The extent to which the City is abandoned at night, by those who labour in it by day, is one of the most remarkable of its modern features. Mr. Walker, and others dealing in the same commodities, show themselves wonderfully free from that solicitude for the safety of their wealth which has in all ages been supposed to be a necessary concomitant of the possession of a store of the precious metals. Mr. Walker, junior, who manages his father's business, lives at Camberwell. The foreman lives at Hackney. To live at Cornhill would be un-

comfortable and perhaps unhealthy, and the space which would be thus occupied might be let, for purposes of business, for more money than would pay the rent of an agreeable suburban residence. The principal and the foreman both decline the task of nocturnal guardianship. It might be undertaken by a porter, who could sleep in a back shop; but it would be dangerous, to rely implicitly on the perpetuity of the vigilance, and the incorruptibility of the honesty, of a mere porter. If nobody in higher position will consent, or can find accommodation, to sleep upon the premises, it may perhaps be the most prudent course to leave them totally unoccupied, and to trust for their safety to external watching. But, supposing this conclusion to be arrived at, the wonder is that something more was not done to render the external watching efficacious. The inhabitants of Cornhill complain that constables who have become thoroughly familiar with their beats, and do their duty well there, leave them; but it is tolerably obvious that a man who has health, courage, and intelligence is not likely to be content for many years with twenty, or even twenty-five, shillings a week wages. The remedy for the present insecurity of property in the City did not need a public meeting for its discovery, seeing that it might be found immediately by any citizen who would insert his hand into his breeches' pocket. It is quite possible that the existing police system in the City falls short of the highest degree of efficiency which might be derived from the actual expenditure; but, on the other hand, it would be very easy to attain higher efficiency by increasing the expenditure to a moderate amount. It seems odd that it should not have occurred to Mr. Walker that he was asking a good deal in return for his contribution to the police-rate. So far as appears, he was content to leave all his valuable property in an unoccupied house from Saturday night to Monday morning, and rely upon the ordinary vigilance and sagacity of an average policeman. Dealers in the precious metals sometimes take the precaution to employ, either on their own account or jointly with their neighbours, a private watchman. It would not have been an extravagant expenditure of money if Mr. Walker had paid the wages of such a watchman out of his own pocket; but we think that special arrangements for the security of valuable and exposed property would be more advantageously made through the police, and we do not apprehend that the Commissioner would object to employ more men, and to pay them better, if he were supplied with adequate pecuniary means to carry out such arrangements.

It must, however, be observed that the most active and intelligent police would fail to secure property in shops situated like that of Mr. Walker. To build a fortress, and neglect to clear the country round it, is simply throwing away money. Scientific fortification is of no avail if the enemy is allowed to effect a lodgment close under the walls. But here again Mr. Walker, and others similarly situated, would answer that houses in Cornhill are so extremely valuable that every inch of them has a money value, and tradesmen are obliged to confine themselves to that which is absolutely necessary for the purposes of their business. Mr. Walker occupied half the ground-floor of the house. The other half was occupied by a firm of tailors, who also occupied the basement under both their own shop and Mr. Walker's. The first floor and the second floor were offices, and on the third floor was the shop of a photographer. There was a common staircase open all day long to anybody who chose to ascend it and survey the premises. Mr. Walker's shopmen were usually the last to leave the house, and it was their duty to fasten on the inside the entrance door leading from a court to this staircase, and then to quit the premises by the shop-door opening into Cornhill, which they fastened on the outside. It was a common practice of the tenant of the second floor to lock his door on quitting, and leave the key on a gasometer in the staircase, where it could be observed by a curious eye. It appears that the enemy used the opportunity afforded by this key to establish himself on the second floor on Saturday afternoon, and doubtless he brought with him all the tools and supplies necessary to capture the place. Later in the day Mr. Walker's foreman departed, having locked the thieves within the house, and secured to them thirty-six hours for the undisturbed prosecution of their enterprise. It is impossible not to admire the judgment shown in selecting the field of operations, and the skill with which they were conducted. Mr. Walker's precautions had been sufficient to inspire confidence, but not to ensure safety. A keen eye discerned, and a strong hand struck at, the crevice in his armour. The thieves began by breaking open the door of the office on the first floor. They cut a hole in that floor, and descended by a rope ladder into the tailor's shop adjoining Mr. Walker's. Stairs then took them to the basement, and they next cut a hole in the floor of Mr. Walker's shop, and ascended by it into the very room which contained the iron safe, which may be called the citadel of the fortress. The gas was left burning in the shop, and there was a front window looking into Cornhill, and a back window looking into Sun Court, and holes had been made in the shutters by which the police could look into both the front and the back shops. But the view of the back shop was obstructed by a partition of wood and glass enclosing a workman's bench placed near the window, and the same partition to some extent interfered with a mirror which was intended to reflect the safe which stood in a corner of the shop. The object of this mirror was to enable a policeman looking through a hole in the shutter to ascertain that the safe was undisturbed. The thieves had probably studied the ground well beforehand by means of these same peep-holes, for they cut through the floor of the

back shop at a point where the partition screened them from observation, and it seems that the same partition afforded cover while they attacked the safe. Being provided with proper tools, and knowing how to use them, it is supposed that they forced this safe, although of the most approved construction, without making much noise or spending much time over the job. Within it they found all the most valuable part of Mr. Walker's stock. They did not attempt to touch any of the articles which were left in the shop within view of any one who might look through the eyelet-holes. It seems to be admitted that the police could not see the thieves when they were cutting through the floor; and although an imperfect reflection of the safe was offered by a mirror, it would have been possible to choose, in the course of two nights and a day, times for operating with wedges and crowbar when the police were not near the house. When the safe had been forced and rifled it was again closed, so that only a near inspection would discover that it had sustained violence. Even if the police on duty had looked through the holes in the back shutters at intervals of fifteen minutes throughout the thirty-six hours that this shop was closed, it would still have been possible to effect this robbery; and it is scarcely reasonable to calculate upon such a complete performance of what may be called an extra duty by an ordinary constable who has all the other duties of his beat.

The inhabitants of Cornhill, like the British public generally when it gets into a paroxysm of any kind, have conducted themselves rather absurdly under the surprise and alarm occasioned by this burglary. Mr. Walker appears to be deeply penetrated with the Shakspearian sentiment as to the inferior value of a purse to a good name, for he shows himself to be much less distressed by the loss of his gold and jewels than by certain imputations which he says have been cast on his character and conduct by the police authorities. Perhaps the oddest example ever known of the intervention of a lawyer where he had no business was the appearance before the Court of Aldermen of Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C., claiming to be heard as counsel for Mr. Walker in disproof of the imputations complained of, which appear to have amounted to this—that Mr. Walker or his shopman had not always been as careful as they might have been in the use of padlocks and other fastenings. The alderman for the ward in which Cornhill is situate partook so strongly of the prevalent excitement that he quarrelled with another alderman in the Court, and the dispute raged so fiercely that it almost seemed as if the City police would be called upon to display their efficiency as peace-officers then and there. However, the storm has subsided. Aldermen and common councilmen have regained their usual equanimity; the detectives have succeeded in capturing one of the supposed thieves; and the excitement in Cornhill has been followed by a general conviction that it would be a prudent step towards preventing burglaries in the City to employ a few more policemen, and pay them rather higher wages.

AN IRISHMAN'S PICTURE OF IRELAND.

IT is not often that a pamphlet by an Irishman on the wants of Ireland has sufficient sobriety to deserve serious notice. Ireland has a way of wanting so much more than she can possibly get, and her writers have a habit of saying so much more than they mean, that it is quite refreshing to come across a few pages of quiet good sense like those in which an anonymous "Member of the Statistical and Social Inquiry Society of Ireland" has propounded his views of "The Real Wants of the Irish People." The worst part of these reflections is that they are at least as sad as they are true, because they trace the sorrows and sufferings of Ireland to causes deeply seated in the character of the people, which it will take whole generations to wear away.

The thoroughly native origin of this little production is attested by the tone of the opening paragraph. "We are a conquered people, and we know it," is the text of the discourse. For the matter of that, the inhabitants of England, and indeed of almost every country in Europe, might echo the wail that they are a conquered people; but the special misfortune of Ireland is that she was not until the Union allowed to merge herself in the stronger Power to which she was irrevocably bound, and that, since the establishment of perfect political equality, she has steadfastly refused to be absorbed in spirit into the freest empire of the world. It is scarcely yet true that Ireland knows that she is conquered, for her people have not yet learned to acquiesce in a dominion which only seeks to force on them equal rights with their fellow-subjects. Even our author, candid as he is on many points, insists that something beyond equality, something more than bare justice, is due to Ireland, as an atonement for the wrongs which England inflicted on her in those never-to-be-forgotten times the memory of which it is the delight of hostile parties in Ireland to keep green by savage celebrations. If he murmurs at the fate of his country, our model Irishman admits that; the only hope of Ireland lies in accepting the irresistible decree and making the best of it. In the face of this concession we need not complain of the reservation that England has no moral claim to Irish allegiance. It is enough to expect from an Irishman that he should honestly denounce the absurdity of Fenian projects of rebellion, and acknowledge that "it rests with Irishmen themselves to determine whether their country shall continue to be a byword among all civilized nations." It is precisely because this is true that even the strong and earnest desire, among the better class of English politicians,

to do all that can be done to repair the past, can of itself effect nothing for the good of Ireland.

The enumeration which is given of the real wants of Ireland reads sadly like an indictment of the Irish people. The first want in the catalogue is a sense of security among the population. It may be in part the fault of English misrule in past ages that Irish character is what it is, but the want of security is traceable to no exceptional laws that distinguish our own from the neighbouring island, but simply to Irish character as it exists, whoever may have formed it. When all dreams of insurrection are abandoned, and the crime of assassination is condemned by the popular voice, the first great obstacle to Irish well-being will, we are told, be removed. Irishman as he is, our author is not able to tell us whether any progress in this direction can yet be traced.

In his comments on the madness of all separatist movements, the writer dwells with much emphasis on the incapacity of the Irish temperament for political dominion. His sketch of the national character is at once shrewd and kindly:—

Our people [he says] are brave to a fault; they are warm and affectionate; they are loyal and confiding; they are generous and hospitable; they are often witty and intelligent in no common degree; and every one whose heart has not been hardened by religious prejudice must acknowledge that their simple, earnest trust in God, even in their severest trials, is a singularly beautiful feature in their character. Unfortunately, with the exception of courage, these are not the virtues which count for much in the wild Titanic struggle for national supremacy. A predominant love of independence, a resolute power of sustained effort, and a ready disposition to unite with others in the pursuit of a common object, are far more efficacious elements of political strength. In all of these elements we certainly fall below the average standard of the European nations. . . . So far as I am aware, our whole history does not supply us with any example of a long-protracted struggle for independence like that of the Southern Confederates. . . . No cause, however sacred, has ever long succeeded in enrolling all sections of Irishmen beneath its banners. Did we possess every other element of strength in abundant measure, this one defect would neutralize their energy.

This sketch is full of truth, and, coming as it does from the pen of an Irishman fully impressed with the past wrongs of his country, it may be possible to quote it without incurring the wrath which would burst on the head of any Englishman who might venture to speak in terms so unmistakable.

The spirit of disunion which makes Ireland helpless for war or rebellion is not less fatal to her efforts towards peaceful progress. Why it is that Irishmen—instead of clinging together, like the natives of Scotland, alike in the serious business of life and in fanciful movements in honour of an old-world outlaw or an heraldic symbol—seem to be endowed with a mutual repulsion, neither our author nor any other writer on the national peculiarities of his country has ever satisfactorily explained. Centuries of oppression should rather have tended to consolidate and bind together the people of a suffering race; and even the plausible theory that personal antipathies and social disunion spring from religious antagonism is negated by the patent fact that the great mass of the people are no more disposed to effective union with their co-religionists than with the bitterest zealot of the rival creed. Irish disunion lies much deeper, than religious difference, and this is the weak point of the otherwise plausible agitation against the invidious endowment of the Church of the minority. If the ecclesiastical Establishments of Ireland had to be framed afresh, it is certain that no government would set up such a system as that which now prevails, but it is equally certain that no government would be justified in abolishing the landlord's Church without some better hope of benefiting the nation than any which the Catholic party have ever been able to hold out. Disunion would not be ended by the secularisation of ecclesiastical revenues, nor even by the wiser policy of a State endowment of the Roman Catholic clergy. And the sentimental, though not unreal, grievance, which is afforded by the contrast between the wealth of the Protestant and the poverty of the Romish Establishment, is no greater hardship than the fact that the owners of the Irish soil happen to have conformed to the Protestant communion, while the mass of the people have remained constant in their allegiance to Rome. The accidents which checked the Reformation movement among the Irish clergy when their English brethren yielded to Royal pressure and popular feeling, have had a baneful influence on the subsequent history of the country; but it is to invert the real facts to say that the Protestant Establishment was forced upon Ireland any more than upon England. Authority was active enough in both countries, and the sole distinction was that the Irish priests held out the more firmly, and carried with them all but the higher strata of society. That the political and social pre-eminence of the Protestant Establishment must be galling to the majority may be true enough; but if the grievance were removed to-morrow, the spirit of division which severs Irishmen, irrespective of their creed, would remain as rampant as ever. The Presbyterians have none of the territorial endowments which the Church enjoys, and the *Regium Donum* is scarcely a set-off for Maynooth. Yet it is between Presbyterians and Papists that the bitterest sectarian strife has always arisen; and even if the watchwords of religion were wanting, Irish ingenuity would probably soon discover abundant occasion for party division. Apart from his leaning to the nostrum of applying the Church revenues to the purposes of secular education, as a means of eradicating the evil, our author is sound enough in his position that the second obstacle to the well-being of Ireland can only be removed when disunion ceases to be a national characteristic.

A third condition that is enunciated as essential to real improve-

ment is a total change in the spirit of landlords towards their tenants; and a fourth is an equally complete revolution in the attitude of the peasantry towards the owners of land. Stringent as the power of a landlord is, it is less stringent in Ireland than it is on our side of the Channel, and our author candidly acknowledges that the different feelings exhibited by the owners and occupiers of land in the two countries spring from qualities inherent in themselves, and not from external legislation. The truth could not be told more plainly than in such sentences as these:—

The English law of Landlord and Tenant has egregiously broken down in Ireland. It is exclusively adapted for a state of things which does not exist, and never has existed, here. It could only work well where landlords are a magnanimous class of men, who feel a generous interest in the welfare of their tenantry.

And elsewhere, after enforcing the doctrine that every owner of land holds his privileges on the implied understanding that he must use them for the benefit of his tenantry as well as for his own, our author adds:—

To a considerable extent the English proprietors, as a class, have creditably fulfilled this condition, but it is impossible to deny that very many of our Irish proprietors accept all the privileges of legal ownership without discharging any of the duties which are inseparably bound up with their position.

In fairness to Irish landlords, it should have been added that the exceptions to this class are numerous even in Ireland, and that too many of them have been checked in a career of benevolence by the stupid perversity of a tenantry opposed to all improvement.

The great sins which this Irish censor lays to the charge of the peasants, besides their proneness to irregular vengeance, are their poverty and their greed for land. These may well be pardoned, especially as the suggested remedy of emigration is being adopted as eagerly as the most calculating economist could desire. Even the Lord-Lieutenant, who has smirched the first gloss of his popularity by talking hard sense upon this subject, does not pretend to desire any acceleration of the outflow of the population. Like many other remedies for deep-seated maladies, emigration is a necessity that all must regret; and no one can say how far the depletion must be carried to raise Irish wages and depress Irish rents to something like an English standard. The sadness of our author's conclusions lies not so much in the severity of this natural cure to which he trusts, as in the absolute hopelessness of seeking any substantial alleviation in legislative measures. The only Imperial action which is suggested is the hazardous and unpromising speculation of secularizing Church property, and the improvement, by some measure (which is not to be tenant-right, or anything like it), of the relations between landlord and tenant. The real wants of Ireland are pictured as lying beyond such superficial remedies. When Ireland cordially accepts her connexion with this country, when her people learn to be united among themselves, when her landlords cease to abuse their rights and the peasants to avenge their real or fancied wrongs, when security takes the place of suspicious alarm, when industrial capital is safe from the effects of pernicious agitation, and when emigration has thinned the competitors for land, and raised the wages of artisans and labourers—then we are told to look for the regeneration of Ireland. This is an Irishman's view, and it is difficult to dispute its substantial truth; but if it is true we must learn to wait with patience, and not to expect the whole tone and character of a people to be changed in a day, merely because some of the wisest among them have the sense to point to national defects as the source of national misfortunes.

REVIEWS.

MORALISTS OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.*

THE philosophers and moralists of the Roman Empire, whose writings were so much read during the first two centuries after the Reformation, and then fell into comparative neglect as deficient in genius and originality, and in the moderation and the grace of the earlier classic writers, are again beginning to attract attention. There are scholars who hold that Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Antoninus are worth studying, and that, though they do not think or write like Plato or even Cicero, they are not mere retailers of dry commonplaces or stoical exaggerations, but exhibit in a very peculiar and deeply interesting way the genuine efforts of men thoroughly in earnest, feeling the difficulties of life, and doing their best to grapple with them. Only we do not read them quite in the same manner as Bacon and Jeremy Taylor, Montaigne and Pascal, read them. They read them simply for the things which they said, for the observations which they made on the facts of human nature and human conditions, for the maxims which they laid down about our ends, our powers, and our duties. They read their writings as a sort of code of morals, very convenient to cite from, comprehensive, majestic, and of high authority. And there was something, perhaps, in the circumstances of the times which recommended these austere and sombre masters to our forefathers. Thoughts born in noble and manly spirits, amid the misfortunes and perplexities which were the curse attached to the most magnificent of empires, came home with force to the feelings of men to whom change and trouble were so familiar as they were in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But, with us, the historical and comparative method which

so deeply affects our manner of dealing with all subjects leads us to read those authors, not merely or chiefly for the intrinsic truth and depth and wisdom of what they say, but for what they show us of life and thought and feeling at the time when they wrote. We read them in connexion with the circumstances of their times, remembering, or trying to bring out more distinctly to our thoughts, what kind of men they were, and what there was, in the world as they knew it, and in the various revolutions of thought and society which had brought the world which they knew to be what it was, that can throw light on what was special and characteristic in their philosophy. They have, of course, still, as they had to the older readers of them, an interest of their own, varying according to the character of each writer, but independent of their history, and arising from the permanent weight and value of their reflections. But this interest is greatly heightened when we take into account the place which they occupy in the history of man's thoughts, or when a knowledge of the influences amidst which they were placed shows us more precisely what they mean, and why they spoke as they did; when, in short, we regard their writings as the product of a particular stage of intellectual development and moral cultivation, as the consequence and symptom of certain strongly-marked political and social conditions which the course of events had brought into existence, and as an evidence both of the general spirit engendered by these conditions, and of the reaction against it.

There seems always to have been more taste in France than in England for the poets and philosophers of the Empire—a taste, perhaps, to be accounted for by a consciousness, more or less vague and obscure, of a certain similarity, in some important points, of national fortunes and circumstances. Absolute Monarchy, Revolution, and, above all, Imperialism, must furnish a good atmosphere to read them in. Many of them, if not most, have been translated recently, and the translations are said to be good and readable. M. Martha's book on the *Moralists of the Roman Empire*, known to English readers by the extracts from it in Mr. Merivale's late volume, is an example of the care and interest with which these writers are studied in France. It sustains the credit of French scholars for delicate and sympathizing, yet discriminating, criticism, and is not unworthy to take its place beside M. Nisard's excellent volumes on the poets of the same period. It is rather too long for the theme on which M. Martha writes. He is apt—as French critics, with all their excellence, are apt—to dwell with prolonged fondness and expansiveness on some favourite point of view, forgetting that what the student or thinker who has discovered it may delight to linger on in contemplation may become tiresome to the reader, who is kept looking at it for the pleasure of the writer rather than for his own instruction. There is also a tendency to repetition of the same illustrations and the same quotations. But the book is the result of a very careful and intelligent consideration of the subject of which it treats. M. Martha's object is to show the relation which the peculiar tone of thought—serious, indignant, or sceptical—which is found in writers of the time bore to the moral and social state of the Empire; to make the moral writers throw a finer and more delicate light on real life and manners than is found in the broad delineations of history; and to make history do its part in explaining and accounting for what gave the writers their characteristic and distinguishing stamp.

The point which he wishes to bring out is that, under the Empire, philosophy made a very earnest and very remarkable effort to anticipate what was coming into the world in Christianity—the work of dealing directly and primarily with character, of reforming, purifying, elevating the souls and lives of men. Coincidentally with the beginnings of the Gospel at the lower end of the social scale, a parallel movement had arisen in the intellectual aristocracy of the governing race, which, in entire independence, and apparently in perfect unconsciousness of any rival or auxiliary, was pursuing with the greatest seriousness and conviction the same object—the practical diffusion and establishment of a higher morality. One of the excellences of M. Martha's book is the good sense and good faith with which this subject is treated. The writer is content to deal with it as a matter of fact, and does not see any necessity either to depress philosophy in order to exalt Christianity, or to exaggerate and overstate its achievements in order to make Christianity seem less original, less wonderful, and less unique. He allows his mind to rest on the state of things which history shows him, and to recognise the two great unconnected movements going on, without thinking it incumbent on him to trace both to a common source, to explain one by the other, or to sacrifice the native and characteristic merits of either to the claims of the parallel system. "Saint Paul," he says, "ne relève pas plus des maîtres de Sénèque que Sénèque ne relève de Saint Paul." He looks to see what were really the features of the philosophical revival or reaction against the corruption and baseness of Roman society; and he gives them as he finds them, for their own sake. If remarkable coincidences and analogies force themselves on his attention, and involuntarily suggest comparisons and contrasts between the more limited movement and the wider one, he steadily resists the temptation to confound the two, or to make one the foil to the other, and remembers that the only true way to do justice to either is to keep each on its own ground, independent and distinct.

At the same time, the very view which he takes of the earnest and practical aim of the Roman moralists—of whom Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Antoninus were the types—and of their

* *Les Moralistes de l'Empire Romain, Philosophes et Poètes.* Par C. Martha. Paris: Hachette. 1864.

attempt to give all that could be given of a religious sanctity to the ideas of moral duty, leads him to colour their history from what have become the familiar aspects of Christianity. To do adequate justice to what he considers to have been the aim and the methods of these philosophical teachers, he borrows ideas and terms of art from periods when the clergy have, with the greatest system and activity, applied themselves to the fulfilment of their vocation. He attempts to make himself and us understand the place which philosophy and its professors occupied in Roman society, by bidding us think of Bossuet and Fénelon, of the moral discipline of which they were the interpreters and ministers, of the zeal and energy with which they set themselves to spread abroad the truth by preaching and writing, of the tact and discrimination and blended gentleness and severity with which they applied it to the needs of individuals. There is always danger to that very reality and exactness of truth which are sought by the process, when the conditions of one state of society are expressed in the terms of another. M. Martha's picture would sometimes be more trustworthy and more instructive, though in appearance not so vivid and ingenious, if there was less of this transference of the language of modern French society to ancient Imperial days. Besides, the irresistible tendency to generalize comes in, and expands what may be true of one or two cases or men into the more doubtful characteristics of a class or age. But the estimate which he makes of the function of philosophy under the Empire is, on the whole, admirably illustrated and well supported, and is probably substantially just.

Philosophy, he thinks, so far as it went, with but a slender foundation of dogma about things supernatural, and in confessed darkness about the destiny of man, held fast to the idea of duty, and was a religion. It was professedly Stoicism, so far as it could be properly assigned to any of the old Greek schools. It had inherited from more speculative days a whole apparatus of impossible theories and paradoxes, which it was a matter of habit to parade as if they were the foundation of everything, and a point of honour to defend against light-minded and shallow objectors. But its real aim and meaning was a very practical one—that of teaching men to do the best they could, to control and deny themselves, to look the facts of life in the face, to bear their lot with manly faith; to be just, pure, helpful, generous; and to do all with the assurance that it was what God had meant them to do and was pleased with. This was what Stoicism came to in Seneca and Marcus Antoninus; and more or less it represented the doctrine of all who, whether in reality or in pretence, upheld a high standard of moral duty. Some such view was implied in the popular harangue or in the private letter of consolation and advice. But, under these circumstances, Stoicism had lost its philosophical coherence and completeness. The Stoicism of these Roman men of the world was quite ready to accept from Plato or Epicurus anything that had the stamp of common sense and substantial worth, or that even fell in appropriately with their train of moralizing; and it had not only learned to tolerate and assimilate the characteristic elements of rival systems, but it had still more learned breadth, considerateness, compromise, modesty, from that wisdom, named after no school or teacher, which circulates among the masses of mankind, and is to be learned only by continual and varied intercourse with them in the manifold experience of life.

M. Martha brings out with great skill, and without pushing his theory too far, this view of what went by the name of philosophy at Rome under the Emperors; most elaborately in his review of the character and teaching of Seneca, more cursorily in his essays on Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. There are three points on which he dwells, in order to bring home to our minds what he considers its distinguishing feature—its sincere and earnest aim at moral reformation and the elevation of principle and character. He finds at Rome among those large-hearted heathens, carried out by them with zeal, and system, and thorough understanding of what they are about, just the methods of spiritual influence which seem the inventions of the most highly developed Christian discipline—the superintendence and direction of souls, the severe and detailed examination of conscience, and a wide diffusion of the seeds and elements of moral truth by an attractive popular preaching. Seneca has often been commented on and criticized. M. Martha sets him before us as anticipating, both in idea and in systematic practice, the theories of spiritual guidance by a religious director and adviser, in the large and elevated sense in which these theories are explained and recommended by such men as Bossuet and Fénelon. The things which Seneca says are remarkable enough; but no doubt the effect is heightened by the artistic skill with which his words are made to sound the very note struck by the words of the great French bishops, to recognise the same needs and the same objects, and to point to a rule of action only not so refined and perfect as theirs. This, says M. Martha, with much plausibility, is the true and fair way to look at Seneca, and to account for his want of philosophical consistency and the loose connexion of his practical counsels with his Stoical orthodoxy. He is not the organ of a school setting forth an abstract system of speculation—he is a *ductor dubitantium*, a minister and guide to this and that troubled or ill-directed spirit, holding by a body of received doctrines, but tempering and toning it down in the application to each separate occasion by a liberal admixture of the larger teachings of life; at times a preacher, at times a casuist, at times earnest and eager for a conversion. Seneca's faults of style and inconsistencies of character have created a not unnatural prejudice against him, and, with that judicious skill in making admissions which

a good French writer usually possesses, M. Martha does not overlook them. But his general view is borne out by his well-chosen illustrations. As he thinks, the words and counsels of Seneca are not unworthy to be compared with the thoughts and earnestness of Bossuet; and Seneca is entitled to the same proportionate allowance which we have to make for Bossuet.

The delicacy, the purity, the refined scrupulousness of conscience, joined as it was with manly fortitude, public spirit, and noble gentleness, which make the *Meditations* of the great heathen Emperor the most wonderful example of impartial self-judgment in the world, are brought out with great force and sympathy by M. Martha, and he justly insists on this as a proof of the deep and genuine earnestness of the philosophic temper of the time. On the third point, the popular preaching of the philosophers, "*la manie de prêcher*" which took possession of the age, "*la propagande populaire des idées morales*," he says a great deal that is clever and curious; but his instance of Dion Chrysostom is hardly in itself a very convincing one, and it is certainly not enough to prove among the philosophic heathen a sort of "apostolat," a fashion of popular exhortation and instruction parallel to that of the preachers of Christian times. At any rate, it for the most part seems to have resembled but the worst form of popular Christian preaching; it was the empty rhetoric of custom or display. You may, perhaps, place side by side, in point of earnestness and force of conviction and feeling, Seneca with Bossuet, the *Meditations* of M. Antoninus with the *Confessions* of St. Augustine; but it will be hard to find anything in the moral declamations of men like the heathen Chrysostom which can be compared for a moment with the sermons of the Christian one, or of St. Augustine. Philosophy had its true men, its honest reformers, its conscientious advisers in the study and the intercourse of private life; but the sophists and rhetoricians had it all their own way in the public audience. Philosophy failed, with many great and admirable aims, because it could not get at the multitude. Wisdom, sick of the old superstitions, tried to make a pure religion out of what conscience, its laws and its anticipations, could offer, when most honestly and earnestly questioned. But it could make no impression on society; and Lucian, as M. Martha shows in his discriminating and just review of his writings and manner, treated the philosophy of the thinking portion of mankind with the same impartial and measured ridicule with which he laughed out of countenance the popular creeds.

A JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO PERSEPOLIS.*

THIS is a prodigious book. It must be four inches thick at the very least. It is vaster than the *Shah Nameh*, the *Mahabharata*, or the late King of Oude's Persian dictionary called *Haft Kuzum*, or *The Seven Seas*. Its weight cannot be calculated by our homely pounds avoirdupois, and we must go to okeas, maunds, and poods to convey a proper sense of it. An Enfield bullet would be spent before it got to the middle page; and we suggest that, if there should be any surplus copies remaining, they ought to be used instead of teak for the backing of the iron skin of our new men-of-war. Now it is our duty to observe that bulk of this kind is only tolerable in books of reference, such as may be laid upon a table when consulted, but are never held in the hand for continuous reading. In works of touristic travel it is uncomfortable and unendurable, and, furthermore, it defeats the traveller's object, which may be presumed to be the acquisition of as many readers as he can get. General readers of works like this are, we suspect, women rather than men, in the proportion of four out of five at the very lowest. But no lady can hope to read this book. Their little hands were never made to wield this bulky mass. To lift it, and hold it comfortably before their eyes, they must have biceps and deltoid like Pentapoli of the naked arm; they must have a wrist like Angelo the fencer, and their fingers must be like the tentacula of the great eight-armed cuttlefish. Had Macaulay lived to see it, he would have emphatically reasserted his protest against Archdeacon Nares's equally huge volume, and reminded us that, as the age of man is limited to threescore and ten, works which would be light reading before the flood now only cause unfair demands upon our time. Mr. Ussher would have done better had he divided his book into two volumes, or condensed his matter, or thrown overboard superfluities and passages of minor interest, such as the European and Danubian parts of his tour. One is tempted to fly off at a tangent from Mr. Ussher, and investigate the phenomenon why all books of Persian travel are of this enormous size. There was a run upon Persia in the beginning of the century. No country of equal remoteness, materially and morally, had such a flood of light thrown upon it by so many books of travel, almost all of merit and sterling value, written by eminent men. But their quartos were awful things. Sir R. K. Porter was big; Morier was bigger; Malcolm's *History of Persia* was as big as both together. Baillie Fraser was hardly less; but Sir William Ouseley was stupendous. If a reason for this must be given, we have no better one to offer than Herodotus's reason for the Greeks measuring by their trumpery little stadia, when the Egyptians measured by schoeni and the Persians by parasangs; the small country needs only a small measure, while

* *A Journey from London to Persepolis; including Wanderings in Daghestan, Georgia, Armenia, Kurdistan, Mesopotamia, and Persia.* By John Ussher, F.R.G.S. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1864.

the great countries take great measures. As a matter of fact, the big country of Persia certainly does get the big books.

Most of these men went to Persia in some definite military or political rank and capacity, and each was guided in his observations by the nature of his profession. The same may be said of their modern representatives, Mr. Eastwick and Lady Sheil, writers of mere octavos hardly larger than novels, but at least suited to the degenerate arms of modern readers. Mr. Ussher, on the other hand, is a mere tourist, and he is one of the first in a field where it is possible, though not perhaps as yet very probable, that he may find a sufficiency of successors. It would be more accurate to state that he is about the first Persian tourist who has recorded his travels, for it is not so long ago but that we can remember two distinct sets of Eastern travel in that direction. One, probably the fruit of our large Persian literature of the Morier and Malcolm period, was somewhere about 1840; the second was immediately after and in consequence of the great discoveries and awakened interest in the inner East, when the names of Layard and Rawlinson were in everybody's mouth. The intelligent young nobleman of that period, such as would now go and know all about the suffrage in America, then generally went to Baghdad, did his Nineveh, and openly showed himself glad to listen to Mr. Layard upon the spot. None of these, however, published anything. Mr. Ussher, without any pretence to special knowledge, but with fair general information and an active interest in everything, has written just the sort of book which should be written by a tourist in remote trans-Moravian lands, where the red handbook is unknown, and the name of Murray calls up the idea of an obscure and aimless war rather than of guidance along the peaceful ways of travel. We have seen this book called somewhere a "treasury of knowledge." It is nothing half so absurd and so out of place. Probably there are not three consecutive pages in which it would not be possible to find small errors, comparatively insignificant in a book of travel, but for which an author, suing our judgment *in forma doli*, and claiming to write a "treasury of knowledge," would most deservedly be made to suffer. Of this kind is, for instance, Mr. Ussher's making Alexander the Great burn down Persepolis at the instigation of "the celebrated Laius." Special historians, or special philologists, or special politicians, could, no doubt, card this sort of book like wool, if they were hypercritically or otherwise ill-disposed. But such a course would be wholly wrong with regard to the present work. It is in every way creditable to the author, who—size apart—has produced a very useful companion, or enlarged Murray, for the intending tourist, and a pleasant mass of reading, both entertaining and instructive, for the home-staying public. On the whole, we feel it to be a matter of national pride that we can produce such good idlers, and turn out unprofessional travellers so decently well-informed, enterprising, and observant.

Mr. Ussher must have travelled a great deal before the present journey, and in very out-of-the-way places. He has been in Algeria, and he compares the mountain-roads of Southern Persia, for their utter badness, with those of the Lebanon. That is nothing; but he has been to Tirnôva in Bulgaria, and its winding chasms, to which he compares Yezdikhâst, on the road from Isfahan to Shiraz. For one Englishman who has been to Tirnôva—we may almost say who has ever heard of it—we could show twenty who must have ridden past Yezdikhâst. In fact, we don't know of anybody who has been at Tirnôva, or at least written about it, of late years, except Dr. Barth. Yet it is the chief literary centre of Bulgaria, and the head-quarters of political propagandism. The present journey, for which Mr. Ussher was thus qualified by previous experience, may be defined as a complete Oriental Grand Tour of the Asiatic West-Central district. He started down the Danube, making for Odessa. Thence, having duly "done" the Crimea, he coasted the Circassian shore in a steamer to Poti, and from that to Tiflis; beginning on horseback through the swamps, and ending on a good carriage road. This was the height of summer, and the season being favourable, he crossed the Darfel Pass northwards, turned to the east, and visited the mountain fastnesses of Shamil's country, recently conquered by the Russians, but not wholly subjugated, nor quite free from danger to the traveller. Thence he returned to Tiflis by the old Persian province of Shirvan, along the Caspian, by Derbend and the famous fire-springs of Baku. From Tiflis he went to Gumri and over the frontier to Kara, and the splendid ruins of Ani, and through the Russian territory to the Turkish frontier fortress of Bayezid, stopping by the way at Erivan and the great monastery of Etchmiadzin. From Bayezid he went to Van, and saw all the chief points of interest on the lake of that name; thence to Bitlis and Diarbekir, passing near, but not visiting, the head waters of the Tigris, which recently formed the subject of an important paper at the Geographical Society by Mr. Taylor, our Consul at the latter place. From Diarbekir he went to Mosul by the upper road, visited Nineveh, paid his respects to the winged bulls and all our old friends there, and floated on his raft of inflated skins down the Tigris to Baghdad. From Mosul he made an excursion to the Devil-worshipping country, and another from Baghdad to Hilleh and the Birs Nimrud, or so-called Tower of Babel. After resting in the City of the Caliphs, he followed the track of his illustrious predecessor, Sindbad, to Bassora, only on board of a different craft, having got a passage in the steamer *Comet*; and the English monthly sailing packet took him from Bassora across the Gulf to Bushire. From thence he went leisurely to Tehran over the "broad dominions of the King of Kings," stopping at all the interesting places, particularly at Persepolis; and from Tehran

returned home through Armenia by Trebizond and the Black Sea.

There are two points of general interest, and one point of special interest, in which Mr. Ussher's narrative of his travels as above set forth may be said to have fair claims upon our attention. We are, or ought to be, always glad of any fresh contribution to our knowledge of the inner and more secluded parts of Asia, such as Persia, Baghdad, the Van country, or Mr. Layard's country. There has been some forgetfulness of these regions of late, and we are not free from the risk of absolute neglect by one generation of the knowledge provided for it by a preceding generation. Everything, therefore, which tends to keep alive or re-kindle our interest in such matters is of importance, and deserves encouragement. Besides which, Orientalism has to be protected against Orientalists, who are too often but a small-minded race, lost in their own details, and full of petty jealousies and envies, for the gratification of which they will even let slip the opportunity of reviving or speaking up for a taste in their own favourite pursuit. Furthermore, the outward and frontier lands of Western Asia, which enclose the inner districts, are in a state of transition, and, in some measure, of organic change—gradual, not to say imperceptible, when viewed from day to day, but notable enough when beheld from decade to decade. In the Transcaucasian dependencies of Russia, and along the whole southern frontier of that vast empire, this transition has set in rapidly, and is showing itself in a hundred ways. In Turkey, though slow, fitful, and inadequate, the general landmarks by which to measure its advance are, upon the whole, clear. The advance may be far too slow to relieve the strain on the frail tenure of empire by which the Sultan rules, but the change and the advance are there notwithstanding. The old Asiatic cities of the interior are decaying into ruin, but their place is taken by cities of transition, half-European, half-Asiatic, born of European commerce and intercourse; and in these the hope of the East lies irrespectively of this empire or that empire. Varna and Trebizond and Beyrout, Mersina and Kustendje, even the remote Tabreez itself, belong to this type. We cannot hear too much of this transitional Asia. We are not likely often to hear accounts which, so far as they go and the author sees for himself, are impartial enough, and we think that the oftener we do hear the better.

The special interest of Mr. Ussher's book lies in the fact of his being the first English traveller, with one exception, who has visited the almost inaccessible region of mountain and forest so long and so gloriously defended by the great Lesghian Sheikh against the whole power of Russia. Mr. Marshall was there before, and his interesting account of his visit will be found in the *Vacation Tourists* of 1861. The present account, however, is much fuller. It is accompanied with a useful summary of the struggle between Shamil and the Russians, which, if it will not stand a searching criticism, is, at all events, accurate enough for immediate purposes, and it contains one or two new and good illustrations. The mountain fastness of Gounib, scarped and precipitous as Gibraltar, yet, at the summit, saddle-backed and green like the Righi, where Shamil made his last stand with 200 faithful followers, is a place full of interest, and we are glad to refer our readers to this part of the book. The austere character and almost Roman loftiness of soul which make Shamil the greatest name in contemporary Asiatic history, are brought with tolerable clearness before our eyes; and the Russians, upon whom alone, of course, Mr. Ussher is dependent for his accounts, have shown themselves not devoid of magnanimity nor of just appreciative power with regard to their captive. We must say a word or two on the name of the chief whom we are wont to call Schamyl, after the German newspaper fashion; not being the wiser for so calling, but deeming him a barbarian like another. Yet the said chief is merely a namesake of the Bishop of Oxford, after all. His name is Shamuil, the Samuel of the Old Testament, which, like many other Old Testament names, is a good, though certainly a rare, Mahometan name. His own Lesghian dialect not being a written language, he carried on his official correspondence—or, at least, the foreign part of it—in Arabic, written with considerable purity, and indicating much activity of education in that language, which he was further induced to adopt by his exalted Mahometan views. Many such letters from his naibs or deputies, chiefly from Emin Bey in the Western Caucasus, with his name so spelt, have passed through our hands. The Russians, writing in their own alphabet, transcribe this name with a letter of theirs which bears generally the sound of a thick y, indescribable in English, but common to Turks, Poles, and Bohemians. This Russian letter, however, after the labials *b*, *m*, is pronounced like *w* more or less, and is therefore an appropriate transcription in the present case for expressing the sound of Shamuil. But the Germans, transcribing from the Cyrillic into the Roman character, always and in all cases express this Russian letter by *y*, as being etymologically, and, with the above slight modification, phonetically equivalent to the *y* of those Slavonic tongues which regularly use the Roman alphabet; and it is in this way that our Schamyl has come to us from the Germans. So that Schamyl is in name, as well as in birthplace and genealogy, as pure a Caucasian, or dismounted Arab, as the Warrior-Prophet of the Opposition benches himself who invented that surprising denomination.

Perhaps we ought to spare a moment or two for moralising on the growth and the nature of English fame derived from the East. In the course of a few hundred miles Mr. Ussher visits three distinct centres of English achievement, scenes of the exploits of famous English worthies. The good people of Kara are clamorous about "Ilyams Pasha"; the name of Rawlinson is still very great,

and his word very high, in Shinar; and as for Mr. Layard, the Ninevites and Mosulians actually hanker and crave after him as much as the fine London folk used to do in 1852, and they await his future coming as the Portuguese wait for Don Sebastian, or the Persians for the Imam Mehdi. These poor benighted Asiatics cleave to their old gods with all the tenacity of the unchangeable East. The comfort of reflecting on this lies in the consciousness of our own superior knowledge and docility. We in England have learnt better than this. Every London professional dinner-out or conversation-man knows now that cuneiform interpretation is all humbug, and has been laughed out of court by Sir G. Lewis and Mr. Forster. Even the densest of agricultural members has lost his awe, and perhaps his respect, for the hero of Kars, whose Parliamentary strategy he recollects when member for a Government borough. And we think a leading-article writer but a poor creature who cannot have his fling at Mr. Layard on the "Eastern Question"—whatever that may be held to mean—and cry shame on that gentleman's curious ignorance of Turkey. Our progressive knowledge and accuracy of judgment in Oriental matters is a great fact, no doubt.

One word more. Is Mr. Usher weary of his young literary life, that he should outrage his readers as he does by spelling "diocese" "diocess"? Or is it his way of propitiating the deity of Printing-House Square who presides over that particular misspelling, by an acceptable sacrifice of Mavor and Johnson?

ALARCON.*

IN the year 1642, Pierre Corneille brought out his celebrated play *Le Menteur*, and thereby founded the school of classical French Comedy. "Si je n'avais pas lu le Menteur," said Molière, "je crois que je n'aurais pas fait de comédies," a statement which is deserving of respect, although not of implicit belief. But in the influence which his drama exercised Corneille could claim but a small share. His work was no original conception; it was a skilful copy, a masterly adaptation of another artist's design—improved, no doubt, in some points, but for all that remaining a copy still. It was partly translated, partly imitated, from a Spanish play called *La Verdad Sospechosa*, the authorship of which Corneille wrongly attributed in his preface to Lope de Vega, and of which he thought so highly that he afterwards declared he would sooner have written it than any two of his own pieces. In a later edition of *Le Menteur* he corrected his error with respect to the authorship of *La Verdad Sospechosa*; but his countrymen long persisted in ignoring its real writer. So little, indeed, was the name of that unfortunate dramatist known, even in his own country, that when *Le Menteur* was translated back into Spanish, and acted at Madrid, it was received with great applause, but without a suspicion, on the part of the audience, that the credit of it belonged to Spain, and not to France. The original author had been entirely forgotten, nor was his memory fairly resuscitated for nearly two centuries. It is only of late years that biographers have taken the trouble to mention him. Schlegel, Bouterwek, and Sismondi—special critics, as they were, of the Spanish drama—passed him over in silence; and until a recent period the name of an author who is now acknowledged as one of the greatest of Spanish dramatists, being said to follow in order of merit directly after Lope de Vega and Calderon, remained unnoticed and almost unknown. Latterly, however, he has met with more favourable treatment. His fame has been revived in his own country, and an excellent edition of his works has been published at Madrid by Don Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch; while several French writers have made him the subject of their researches, especially M. Philarette Chables, M. de Puibusque, M. Ferdinand Denis, and lastly M. Royer, the author of the volume now before us, which contains a translation of the *Verdad Sospechosa*, and of three other of the Spanish dramatist's masterpieces.

Juan Ruiz de Alarcon y Mendoza, the author in question, was born in the province of Tasco in Mexico, a cadet of a noble family which belonged to the town of Alarcon in Spain. The date of his birth is unknown, and for a long time it was supposed that he did not come to Europe till 1620, but a curious document published by Señor Hartzenbusch seems to prove that his arrival must have taken place at least a score of years sooner. It is a satirical piece, written in part by Cervantes, and purporting to be an account of a festival held near Seville in honour of San Juan d'Alfarache. In it is described how, in the early morning, a gay troop of students drop down the Guadalquivir to the village of San Juan. Then follows an account of the revels held there, and we are shown Don Juan Ruiz de Alarcon y Mendoza figuring in a mock tournament under the name of the Prince of Chunga, resplendent in a cuirass made of gilt pasteboard, and caracoling on a pasteboard hobby-horse. It is generally supposed that Cervantes did not remain in Seville after the year 1598; it may therefore fairly be presumed that Alarcon must have arrived there before the end of the sixteenth century. From this period no trace of him occurs till the year 1611, when a book was published at Barcelona containing a sonnet written by him. In 1628 we find him filling the post of Prolocutor of the Royal Council for the Indies—a position which ensured him a large salary, although at that time, says the Marquis de Louville, there was hardly enough money in the Exchequer to give their Majesties an *Olla Podrida*, and which enabled him to feel for the public the contempt which he expresses in the preface to the

volume of plays, eight in number, which he published in the same year. A second volume, containing twelve more, appeared in 1634, and in the year 1639 he died. Little more is known as to the events of his life.

Alarcon seems to have been very unpopular among his contemporaries, and the fact may be partly accounted for by the exceptional position which he held among them. Many of his literary rivals probably hated him because he came of a better family, and enjoyed a larger income, than they could boast of, while at the same time the proud patricians with whom he was brought into contact despised him for a variety of reasons. They looked down on him as a Mexican, for the Spaniards have always held their colonists in contempt—as a poet, even if in that capacity he deserved the compliment paid him by Lope de Vega, in his *Laurel de Apolo*, of having united genius with virtue—as a man of business; the army and the Church being the only presentable professions—and, lastly, as a humbug. Balzac has remarked that humbugs are never stupid, and always malicious. The theory holds good in Alarcon's case, at least as far as his intellect is concerned, and his general unpopularity seems to prove that his character was not conspicuous for amiability. His contemporaries were very facetious on the subject of his deformity. "He takes his hump for Mount Helicon," said one. "If his hump equalled his conceit," said another, "Pelion and Ossa combined would be nothing to it." For indeed his conceit was enormous, and was surpassed only by his contempt for the public. The public, however, revenged themselves upon him, for he lived long enough to see his fame stolen from him, and after his death he was utterly forgotten.

It may seem strange that the name of an author who had written at least a score of plays should so rapidly lapse into oblivion, but at that time there was a perfect glut of prolific dramatists. In 1632 there were seventy-six dramatic poets living in Castile alone, and by the commencement of the eighteenth century it was calculated that the Spanish theatre had produced upwards of thirty thousand pieces. People of all classes wrote for the stage—nobles, ecclesiastics, soldiers, shopkeepers, sheep-shearers, mechanics—and their compositions cost them so little effort that but small importance was attached to them. Cervantes speaks loosely of having written twenty or thirty dramas, evidently being of opinion that a few more or less were of little consequence; and Lope de Vega, according to all accounts, actually wrote more than fifteen hundred. The number appears almost incredible, being about four times as great as that reached by the works of M. Scribe, the most prolific of modern playwrights, and one who has generally had a large staff of able writers at his disposal. It is said that Lope de Vega once wrote five entire dramas in fifteen days. If this be true, it will readily be understood that much would not be thought of twenty plays, considered as the work of a lifetime. But if the quantity produced by Alarcon was nothing extraordinary, its quality might have served to keep his memory green. His own countrymen might well have remembered one who is now considered the third best dramatist of Spain. Inferior to Lope de Vega in fertility and invention, and to Calderon in poetry and passion, he equalled, if he did not surpass, them both in delineation of character. Schlegel has observed that the Spanish drama may be compared to the game of chess. In each the figures are unvarying—the same knight, the same lady, the same pawn or valet appearing time after time, and the interest of the looker-on depending entirely on the endless variety of their combinations, and the skill with which they are handled. The remark is perfectly just in most cases, but it scarcely holds good with respect to Alarcon. Southern writers rarely give themselves up to analysing character; they feel, but they have neither patience nor coolness enough to dissect their feelings. Lope de Vega did little more, at least in his "cloak and sword pieces," than shuffle his stock puppets into new positions; but Alarcon strove to do more than this. He was the first Spanish dramatist who gave any individuality to his characters, and this he did, according to M. Royer, not always intentionally, but instinctively. Not that he reached any very great excellence in this respect, but he did enough to give him a high place among the dramatists of his country, and to render his plays more interesting than the generality of theirs. The moral tone of his works may be considered very high, due allowance being made for the period at which he wrote. A respect for truth, a love of honour, a horror of all that is mean or base, are inculcated throughout. His heroes are always brave, courteous, loyal, self-sacrificing, and, above all, true as steel to their plighted word; his heroines are for the most part high-minded, faithful, and virtuous. In reading his plays we seem to become acquainted with the best of the men of his time, and perhaps no better idea can be obtained of what was then one of the noblest nations in Europe than that which is offered by his gallery of portraits.

M. Royer has translated four of his plays—*La Verdad Sospechosa*, or "Suspected Truth"; *Mudarse por Mejorarse*, or "Change for the Better"; *Ganar Amigos*, or "How to gain Friends"; and *El Tejedor de Segovia*, or "The Weaver of Segovia." The first contains the neatest character-drawing, the last is by far the most exciting and romantic. The second is chiefly valuable for the information it contains respecting the manners and feelings of Spanish ladies in the early part of the seventeenth century, and the third for the noble portrait it offers of a model Castilian cavalier. It is impossible to give in a small compass anything like a detailed account of their plots, but a brief outline of the leading incidents in two of them may serve to convey some idea of the character of Alarcon's plays.

* *Théâtre d'Alarcon, traduit pour la première fois de l'Espagnol en Français.* Par Alphonse Royer. Paris: 1865.

The hero of "Suspected Truth" is a young man of noble family, Don Garcia by name, who has only one fault, which is an inveterate habit of lying. He seems absolutely incapable of telling the truth, even when he has nothing to lose by it, and the richness of his imagination leads him to enlarge and decorate each falsehood he utters until it assumes the most extravagant proportions. His father, finding out Don Garcia's weakness as soon as he returns from college, determines to get him married before his infirmity becomes generally known, and happens to select as his future daughter-in-law a lady of whom his son is already enamoured. Apparently, nothing could be more fortunate; but Don Garcia's facility of invention proves fatal to him. He begins by telling the lady, on the occasion of their first meeting, and while they are still strangers to each other, that he is a Peruvian who has just returned from the Indies with boundless wealth. Then, when his father tells him that he has made arrangements for his marriage with the beautiful Doña Jacinta, he—unaware that she is the lady of his love, whose name he wrongly imagines to be Lucrecia de Luna—tries to escape by declaring that he is already married. This statement involves a full account of his imaginary wife, and thus leads him on from lie to lie. Meanwhile Doña Jacinta gives him an opportunity of addressing her as she sits in the balcony of her friend Doña Lucrecia, which results in her becoming persuaded that he is in love with that lady. A second interview only strengthens that impression, and when he at last abandons his fibs, and tells her a plain unvarnished tale of truth, she will not believe him. He has lied so long that he has rendered even "truth suspected." She does not, however, let him know her suspicions, and he goes away each time delighted with his reception. At last he begs his father to ask, in his name, for the hand of Doña Lucrecia. The poor old gentleman consents, the lady agrees to the proposal, and Don Garcia finds himself obliged to marry a lady he does not care for. He makes a short struggle against his fate, but is compelled to yield, and he has the mortification of being informed, by the lady he adores, that she would in all probability have become his wife if it had not been for his taste for story-telling. Don Garcia's character is well sustained throughout, and there is considerable ingenuity displayed in the manner in which one lie is made to call for another, till their unfortunate employer is overwhelmed by their pressure.

The "Weaver of Segovia" is a thorough "sensation drama." In the first part—the authorship of which is doubtful, and which M. Royer has not translated—the hero, Don Fernando, after a series of wonderful adventures, including the defence of a church tower against a host of assailants, is obliged to retire from the Court on account of the intrigues of an enemy, and to lead a secluded life as a weaver at Segovia. In the second part he is attacked and carried off to prison by the Count Don Juan, the son of his former enemy, who has no idea who he is, but who happens to have taken a fancy to his wife Teodora. Fernando gets rid of his irons, *bitten off* the thumb and finger of his right hand in order to free it from its shackles, escapes from confinement, and becomes a brigand chief among the mountains. A series of most startling incidents takes place. He is captured and recaptured several times. On the last occasion, his hands being tied, he burns the cords off, at the cost of dreadful suffering, and then wreaks vengeance on his foes. Finally, he comes forward with his brigands at the nick of time, rescues the King and his whole army from the hands of the Moors, and contrives in the confusion to wound his own particular enemy so desperately that he confesses his guilt and dies. After this, of course everything goes well with Don Fernando, and the weaver of Segovia returns to his place at Court. There is a kind of barbaric splendour about the play, and it seems well adapted for acting. It is full of life and vigour, and it affords a brilliant and animated picture of the state of Spain in the olden days, but it outrages probability from the beginning to the end, and some of its details seem too horrible for representation.

M. Royer has done his work as translator extremely well, and he deserves especial praise for his attempt to render one of the plays in its original metre. He thought, he says, "que malgré la répugnance de notre époque pour tout ce qui est vers, il était bon de reproduire, au moins une fois, dans sa forme complète, une comédie espagnole;" and having selected the drama of *Canar Amigos* for this purpose, he has achieved his task with considerable success. The interest of the story hinges upon the conduct of the Marquis Don Fadrique, "one of the noblest characters," says Mr. Ticknor, "offered to us in the whole range of the Spanish drama." He is a splendid specimen of his order—a man of fearless courage, of spotless loyalty, of unwavering fidelity to his word. With such characters it is well worth while to make acquaintance, and M. Royer has conferred a great benefit on the general reader by enabling him to do so with ease.

OSWALD CRAY.*

THAT, in most undertakings, it is the first step which costs everything, is a maxim which may be true of public speaking, or of abstract wickedness, but it breaks down in a remarkable way when applied to novel-writing. It is easy enough to write a novel, as is proved by the numbers that are written; and it is not uncommon for a good novel-writer to make his reputation at one leap, and show all his powers at the very outset of his career. It

is the second step, or the third, or the fourth, that puts the literary racer to the test. There comes upon the successful author the irresistible temptation to write quickly, and to write quickly is very much the same thing as to write carelessly. Mortal things are, for the most part, arranged in such a way that those performances turn out best to which most care has been devoted. The most successful art, says the proverb, is that which conceals itself behind its result; but the least successful, it may be added, is that which has least to conceal. The authoress of *East Lynne* has just published a novel which falls conspicuously from the mere want of pains. It has nearly all the faults of which third-rate authors are habitually guilty, and by far the greater number of its faults are those which might have been avoided if twice the time and twice the trouble had been given to its composition. Let us be just. Mrs. Henry Wood never writes thoroughly badly. She is never vulgar; she is seldom pedantic; she is never flippant. We assert, however, that in this last work she has been guilty of nearly all the faults that can spoil a novel, short of those of which we have specially acquitted her. It may be worth while to call a more particular attention to these than would be at all profitable in the case of a thoroughly worthless writer. To say that *Oswald Cray* is, on the whole, fairly readable might be true enough, and it would not be too much to add that some scenes are described in an interesting way. But if the writer is satisfied with such praise, we are not. And where harsh criticism is due to a work on the score of simple carelessness, it is the truest charity to mete it out in full.

In the first place, then, the whole novel is choked up with all that is most trivial and commonplace in the ordinary actions of men. Whenever the heroes find it necessary to meet for the purposes of the plot, they call and find each other at home. Whenever they want to call, they either take a carriage or a cab, and either drive fast or drive slowly. When they knock, the servant always shows them upstairs. On entering the room they invariably shake hands. The number of times that the various characters journey by the seven o'clock mail train must have proved a perfect fortune to the railway company; and if Mr. Oswald in his future career keeps on taking as many cabs as he has been in the habit of taking in Mrs. Wood's story, no professional income can stand it. Then why, again, but for the necessity of furnishing so many pages of novel in the week, does Sara Davenal always either blush or else turn pale when speaking? and why so much ringing of the bell? and why so much description of the various bedrooms which Miss Bettina from time to time inhabits? As for Dr. Davenal himself, we are almost glad that that excellent man should die, he annoys us so by that constant habit of pacing up and down the carpet. Schiller, in his most precise moments, never gave so much space to stage directions as this. And the worst of it is, that this elaboration of details will not always bear investigation. The engine cannot well have run off the line because part of its machinery had snapped. It is not in nature for a deaf old lady to understand with miraculous precision everything that she is meant to hear, and fail to catch all that it is suitable for the purposes of the story that she should lose. Perhaps the most striking detail in all the novel is the charming paragraph where Sara Davenal calls upon the schoolmistress. "They were interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Keen, a kind motherly woman. She insisted on Sara's taking off her bonnet, and partaking of some refreshment. Sara yielded; choosing bread-and-butter and a cup of coffee." Clearly four lines were wanting for the week's instalment, and Mrs. Henry Wood was desperate. "Choosing bread-and-butter and a cup of coffee." Why on earth, in view of the memorable issues involved in the choice before her, did the heroine on this occasion not prefer some tea and a slice of toast?

Somewhat akin to the fault of describing things that might well be left out, is that of inserting general reflections of no particular meaning. It is rather too much to expect us to believe that it was a "curious and exciting scene" when the people were waiting at the railway-station. The crowd may have been rather large, but the "station raising its imposing height to the night-sky, so blue and beautiful," with the "noiseless tread of the porters as they moved restlessly in their suspense," is going a little too far. What does the author mean in the second volume by asking, "Is the body at times more sensitive to outward influences than it is at others, rendering it susceptible to take any ill that may be abroad?" Why, of course it is. It is less liable to small-pox after vaccination than before it, and it is more liable to dyspepsia after a term in Lincoln's Inn than after a month in Switzerland. It hardly needs a second theory of the influence of mind on matter to make us agree to the proposition. This mere display of words is worst when it shows itself in one particular vice, which is becoming sadly frequent among the weaker sort of novelists. It is that of anticipating the future issue of certain trifling actions with the view of investing them with a preternatural grandeur. It is not enough to describe the consequences in their proper place; they must be prophesied half-a-dozen times beforehand, and thus discounted, as it were, to the reader. "Careless words," writes Mrs. Wood; "if Lady Oswald could but have known how miserably they were destined to be worked out!" Sara Davenal confides, we are told, in the prospect of a certain farewell shortly to come—"little dreaming that it was destined never to be spoken." Oswald Cray is struck by a phrase in the conversation of a lady; "had he dreamt," adds the writer, "of the ill those words would work, he might have asked further particulars."

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* Oswald Cray. By Mrs. Henry Wood, Author of "East Lynne," "The Shadow of Ashlydyat," &c. 3 vols. Edinburgh: Black. 1864.

The lady is going, a few pages later, on a journey; the wish to stop her "must surely have been an instinctive prevision of what the ill-fated journey would bring forth"—and so on. This is the liberty of prophesying with a vengeance; and it is perhaps most distressing when it turns into an imitation of Mr. Wilkie Collins, as when Mrs. Wood speaks of the cruel shadow that was waiting to spread its wings over the days of more than one wayfarer in the path of life, or asserts that it is important to give some apparently needless details, since the night was an eventful one in the life of a principal character.

Last, and most heinous, of the crimes which gather round mere wordiness is that of sermonizing. When once an author takes to this sad vice, we feel that he is indeed far gone. It may begin with a few prosy words here and there in a novel; but it easily goes from bad to worse, and there are almost as many insidious stages in the development of sermonizing as in Touchstone's analysis of repartee. Among the less atrocious forms is the "sermon casual," or, as it might perhaps be styled, the "quip sermonical." This is when the sentiment is so very obvious that no human ingenuity can make much of it. We must give a specimen or two of the newest style of the authoress of *East Lynne*:—

All that remained of poor Lady Oswald was carried out of her house, never more to return to it. Not a week ago she had gone forth in health and strength, and now—then! What a lesson it told of the uncertainty of life!

He returned with her, perhaps all too willingly. A great many of us are tempted to stray from the strict line of duty marked out in our own minds.

Next follows the "sermon circumstantial." This phase of sermon consists in putting into the mouth of some very good man certain remarks which are wickedly and wantonly directed at the reader, and meant for his sole use and benefit. The sermon circumstantial is too lengthy an affair to allow of full quotation, and it might lose its force if it were divided by an unpractised hand; we will therefore be content with indicating the lecture on pain which Mark Cray is forced to listen to, as an excellent specimen of its kind. Here, lastly, is the "sermon direct":—

A short space of time, and they would be lying under gravestones in their turn; a short space of time, my friends, and you and I shall be equally lying there.

He was like a child who runs away screaming from a dark closet, and dare not look to see what cause for terror is there. Some of us, my friends, have been sadly frightened at shadows.

Kind these remarks are, and well meant; but very irritating to the temper.

It has often been remarked that works of fiction designed to illustrate the peculiarities of English law uniformly describe its working in a manner unknown to any court of justice in the kingdom. It is probably with a salutary dread of the legal novel that Mrs. Henry Wood has rushed headlong into the medical branch of light literature. *Oswald Cray* is a medical novel; two of its heroes, and two minor characters, are doctors; it bristles, so to speak, with surgery. It is sad to be obliged to declare that this new line of fiction has its pitfalls. It is not long since a novelist, after giving his hero an overdose of laudanum, asserted that the utmost quiet was the only thing which could save his life, and made the whole household tread on tiptoe. Mrs. Wood, it is true, aims high; she despises brain-fever and delirium tremens, and kills Mrs. Cray with a cancer of what we may truly call no ordinary nature, as the lady in question contrives to preserve a strange beauty in her dying face. But the whole story turns upon one morsel of surgical practice which we must describe more fully, and then leave the authoress to her chance of a diploma at the College. Lady Oswald is hurt in a railway accident. She is fainting. When touched, she regains her senses, but feels no pain till she is moved. She is carried home, and seems a little revived at the end of the journey. The young doctor thinks there is nothing the matter, but the old and wise one tells him he is wrong; "if there is an injury," he says, "I suspect it will be found in the ribs, Mark." It turns out that there is an internal injury which makes an operation necessary next day. The old doctor sees, by a kind of intuitive but infallible faculty which is the subject of much discourse, that Lady Oswald is of a nature to which chloroform would be fatal. The young surgeon is to be the operator, the elder one and a maid being by. At the moment of beginning, the maid faints, and is carried out by the old doctor; and on his returning, in "three or four minutes," he finds that the young man has administered chloroform once unsuccessfully—the "first lot" made no impression on her—and then a second time, and is actually engaged, all by himself, in the operation. It is successfully performed, but Lady Oswald does not awake. She lies in torpor, and dies in exactly an hour. The minor blunders of this story it would be tedious to enumerate, and we must only call attention to one or two of the more serious. In the first place, it must be remarked that an injury, in or under the ribs, calling for an operation next day, is one the nature of which must be a puzzle to surgeons; while, if internal injuries not under the ribs were sustained, we are quite at a loss to understand the symptoms as indicating them. Secondly, the scene of the administration of the chloroform, the time and manner of its acting, and the subsequent death, are as new to surgical practice as it certainly was for the operator to begin his work entirely alone and unassisted. And thirdly, the idea of being able to tell infallibly by a person's face whether he is a fit subject for chloroform is one utterly inconsistent with

facts. No one in the world can do this in more than a few cases; and, as a matter of fact, in those instances in which patients have died under chloroform, the heart complaint—usually, in such cases, the fatal disease—has been, for the most part, of that particular nature which never displays itself at all till it kills its victim. With the exception of epileptic subjects, those persons in whose constitution disease of the heart may be most clearly inferred are very often persons to whom chloroform might be administered with perfect impunity. We fear that the authoress of *East Lynne* must give up her surgery. If she will, at the same time, give up about half her cab-drives and morning calls, omit domestic servants from her machinery, abolish her moral reflections, abbreviate her topographical details, and spend a great deal more labour on what remains of her work, she may succeed in writing a good novel yet.

EARLY ENGLISH TEXTS.*

ONE is tempted to say that we have had of late enough, and more than enough, of King Arthur and all that belongs to him. Yet it is not to be denied that the story of Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight is a pretty one in itself, and it is less hackneyed than most legends of the kind. Moreover it is the work of an ascertained poet of real power whose other works have already made a favourable impression. When we say an ascertained poet, we do not mean that his name is known, which it is not. But he is one of whom, from his other writings, we have formed a distinct personal idea, and an idea which makes us glad to meet him again. This story of Sir Gawayne is attributed to the same author as the Alliterative Poems in the West-Midland dialect, which we reviewed about three months back.† We then spoke of the peculiarities of dialect and treatment displayed in the poems, and of the real poetic power which peeps through what, in our eyes, is a very rugged guise. The present story, a tale of successful resistance under temptation, exactly falls in with the high moral and religious vein of the other poems. It derives also a peculiar value of its own from the extraordinary detail gone into in some of the descriptions—the descriptions of manners, ceremonies, furniture, and the like—and, above all, the wonderfully minute and technical accounts of hunting-scenes. Any modern sportsman, curious in the antiquities of his art, will find here, one would think, all that he can possibly want to know about the chase of the stag, the boar, and the fox, as they were practised in the early part of the fourteenth century. We confess that, with the remembrance of St. John's speeches three centuries later in our head, we hardly expected to find Reynard—as he is already called—treated with so much ceremony. In the days of the Long Parliament, the stag and the hare were beasts of chase to be allowed law, but the fox was mere vermin, to be knocked on the head anyhow. Was there a change between the days of Edward the Second and those of Charles the First on the great question which is now tearing West Gloucestershire in pieces? We are bound to state that the knight of the piece, though he chases his fox with hounds and seems to enjoy a good run, does not shrink with all the horror of a true Berkeleyite from the dreadful name of "vulpicide." In the words of the marginal analysis, "He spied Reynard coming through a rough grove, and tried to hit him with his sword." Reynard however "shunted," and was seized by one of the dogs. As the original has it:—

He hatȝ forfaren þis fox, þat he folȝed longe;
As he spent ouer a spene, to spye þe schewe,
þer as he herd þe howndes, þat hasted hym swyfe,
Renaud com riechchande þurȝ a roȝe grene,
& alle þe rabel in a res, ryȝt at his heles.
þe wyȝe watȝ war of þe wyȝde, & warly abides,
& braydeȝ out þe bryȝt bronde, and at þe best casteȝ;
& he schaut for þe scharp, & schulde haf arered,
A rach rapes hym to, ryȝt er he myȝt,
& ryȝt bifore þe hors fete þay fel on hym alle,
& wored me þis wyȝe wyȝth a wroth noyse.

Some readers will be more interested in the description of a mediæval room of the first class, clearly showing that our forefathers did not live quite so hogghishly as some people fancy:—

þe lorde hym charred to a chambre, & cheȝly cumaundeȝ
To delyuer hym a leude, hym loȝly to serue;
& þere were bouȝt at his bode burnes in-noȝe,
þat broȝt hym to a bryȝt boure, þer beddyȝg watȝ noble,
Of cortynes of clene sylk, wyȝth cler golde hemmeȝ,
& couertoreȝ ful curiȝus, wyȝth comlyȝel paneȝ.
Of bryȝt blaunȝier a-boue enbrawded biȝdeȝ,
Rudeȝ remanȝde on ropeȝ, red golde ryȝgeȝ,
Tapyȝte tyȝt to þe woȝe, of tuly & tars,
& vnder fete, on þe flet, of folȝande suto.

A cheȝer by-forȝe þe chemnȝ, þer charcole breȝned,
Watȝ grayȝed for syr Gawan, grayȝely wyȝth cloȝeȝ,
Whysseyȝes vpon queȝdeȝpoyȝtes, þa[t] koyȝt wer boȝe.

The dialect is, of course, the same as that of the other poems. We may remark the constant use of the word *burn* (beorn) for man or

* *Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight*: an Alliterative Romance-Poem. Re-edited by Richard Morris.

† *Ane compendious and breue Tractate concerning ye Office and Dente of Kyngis, Spirituall Pastoris, and Temporal Iugis*. Laitlie compyllit be William Lauder, for the faithfull instruction of Kyngis and Prencis. Edited by Fitzedward Hall, M.A., D.C.L.

London: published for the Early English Text Society, by Trübner & Co. 1864.

† *Saturday Review*, November 5, 1864.

knight, and of *burde* (*bryd, bride, like bird for bride?*) for lady. They make one of the most favourite alliterations throughout the piece. Gawayne himself has his name spelt many ways, among others *Wawen* and *Woven*, the more Teutonic form, analogous to the double forms *Wido* and *Guido*, *Willelmus* and *Guillelmus*.

The story itself is really well worked out and well told in detail. King Arthur keeps his New Year's festival at Camelot, and swears that he will not eat nor sit long at the table till he has seen a wonderful adventure of some kind. And a wonderful adventure enough he presently does see. A Green Knight of vast stature enters the hall on a green horse, and a somewhat strange dialogue follows, the upshot of which is that the Green Knight will stand a blow with his own axe from any of Arthur's knights, provided such knight will come and stand a blow from him after a year and a day. Gawayne strikes him a pretty vigorous blow, for it cuts off his head. The loss of a head was, however, a matter of even less concern to the Green Knight than it was to St. Denis. He takes up his head and goes away, the head challenging Sir Gawayne to meet him at the appointed time at "the Green Chapel" and to stand a blow in return. When next winter comes, Gawayne sets out to find the Green Knight of the Green Chapel, but he can learn nothing of the whereabouts of either knight or chapel. At last he comes to a splendid castle, by the lord of which he is most hospitably entertained. He now learns that the Green Chapel is only two miles off, and his host engages to show him the way there by the proper time. Meanwhile the host makes a bargain with his guest. The lord of the castle is to rise up early and hunt, while Gawayne is to get up at his leisure, and spend the day with the beautiful lady of the castle. At evening host and guest are to exchange whatever they have got during the day. This goes on for three days; each day the lord goes hunting before daybreak (hearing mass, however, before he goes), and each morning the lady comes and sorely tempts the virtue of Sir Gawayne. But she gets nothing more than a promise to be her "servant," and the pleasure of inflicting each day one, two, three kisses, which seem not to be returned. The last time, however, Gawayne does yield so far as to accept her girdle as a love-token. Each evening the host gives his guest the spoils of the chase, stag, boar, and fox, Reynard affording nothing but his skin, while Gawayne gives his host back again one, two, and three kisses. The girdle, however, he keeps, therein so far breaking his covenant. For the lady told him that he who wore it could not be hurt or wounded. He then goes on his adventure. The Green Knight appears again with his Danish axe (*denez ax newe dyzt*). Gawayne "shunts" like the fox at the first blow, but he endures the second, which however did no more than cut the skin and let a little blood. The Green Knight then reveals himself:—

Bolde burne, on þis bent be not so gryndel;
No mon here vn-mannerly þe mys-boden habbe,
Ne kyd, bot as couenaunde, at kynges kort schaped;
I hyt þe a strok, & þou hit hatz, halde þe wel payed,
I relece þe of þe remnaunt, of ryghtes alle oþer;
þif I deliuer had bene, a boffet, paraunter,
I coupe wropeleker haf waret, [&] to þe þe haf wrogt anger.
Fyrst I mansed þe murly, with a mynt one,
& roue þe wyth no rof, sore wyth rygt I þe profered,
For þe forwarde þat we fest in þe fyrst nygt,
& þou trystly þe trawpe & trwly me haldge,
Al þe gayne þow me gef, as god mon schulde,
þat oþer must þe þe morne, mon, I þe profered,
þou kysedes my clere wyf, þe cosseg me ragtes,
For þowe two here I þe bede bot two bare myntes,
boute scape;
Twre mon twre restore,
þenne þar mon drede no wape;
At þe þrid þou fayled þore,
& þer-for þat tappe ta þe.

Gawayne confesses his fault, the Knight forgives him and would fain bring him back to his castle, but he returns instead to the court of King Arthur. It is plain that a story like this, with a distinct moral, would exactly suit the pious author of "the Pearl," and the other pieces in the former collection.

The other piece one is at first sight somewhat startled at finding in a series of Early English Texts, as it is Lowland Scotch of the sixteenth century. Of course there is no objection to this on any supposed national ground. A collection of English Texts would be actually imperfect if it contained no example of so important a form of English as that Northumbrian dialect which is commonly called Scotch. The difficulty is one rather of time than of place. Is a man who lived under Queen Mary Stuart to be reckoned among "early writers"? In England we should hardly allow such a place to any one who lived after the invention of printing. But the Scottish form of English retained so many early forms so late a date, as indeed it retains them to this day, that Scotch English of the sixteenth century answers to Southern English of a much earlier time, and may therefore fairly claim a place in a collection of Early Texts. Thus, for instance, the genitive singular and the plural are both written with the distinct inflexion *is*, and the *is* sometimes, though not always, forms a distinct syllable in the verse. Again, the true form of the participle in *-and* is familiarly used, as in the following passage, which may serve as a specimen of the poem:—

O kyngis, I mak þow traist and sure,
Geue þe neglect þow Princelie care,
And becum Auirours,
Parciall, creuell, or Couatus;
With sum dispensand, for pure pakkis,
That thay may brek þow Princelie actis;

Raisand gret deth, exhorbitent
Aganis þow actis of Parliament;
Oppressand þow Communyte;
And bryngand thame to pouertie,
To honger, hirscheip, and rewyne;
Puttand the pure in poynt to tyne;
And selland, so, the Common weil
Off thame that ar þow liegis leill;
Sufferand sic wrang for to be done,
That Kyng that sittis all kyngis abone,
Quha heiris and seis all that is wrocht,
And knawis euery hartis thoct,
Sall nocht onely þeir ow torment
With greuous plaige and ponyschement,
Bot sall, quhen þe may nocht amend,
Plaige þow with paine that hes no end.

There are one or two passages which illustrate the gradual transition or confusion between this participle in *-and* and the verbal substantive in *-ing*, which in modern English has supplanted it. Thus when Lauder talks of

þow vitious lyfe, and Countyce,
And the abusyng of þow Offyce,

"abusing" is clearly a distinct verbal noun. When we read

Prouidyng that his Justice be
Gratiouly myxit with mercy;
Exempyll taking of all kyngis kyng;

here "prouidyng" and "taking" might well pass for participles, and probably no one would think of taking them for anything else, did not the true form in *-and* occur so abundantly elsewhere. But the participial meaning is not so clear here as in the words of the other form "oppressand," "puttand," &c. "Prouidyng," "taking" may perhaps be looked upon as ellipses for "in providing," "in taking"; though of course such a use is the very next stage to their distinct use as participles.

It is always curious in the Scottish dialect, where so many of the older Teutonic forms are preserved, to remark a counter-current of French and Latin of a peculiar kind, owing doubtless to the intimate intercourse between France and Scotland and to the influence of the Civil Law. Thus in one page we have such a form as "ygroundit," which in England would carry us a long way back, while elsewhere we have such mere Latinisms as "creat" and "ministrat" by way of past participles.

Neither of these volumes is absolutely new. The Green Knight has been already printed by Sir Frederick Madden, who has allowed the Early English Text Society to reprint at pleasure from his publications. The *Office and Deuote of Kyngis* was printed from the very beginning, and it was afterwards reprinted, with a few explanations appended, by the Reverend Peter Hall, in the first volume of a short-lived periodical, *The Crypt, or Receptacle for Things Past*, Ringwood, 1827.* Mr. Fitzedward Hall does not speak at all favourably of the accuracy of his forerunner Peter. Accurate or inaccurate, a periodical published at Ringwood, and reprinting works in the old Scottish dialect, must have been a literary curiosity.

A WALK ACROSS AFRICA.*

NOTHING can be more pleasing than the frankness with which Captain Grant confesses that, after the publication of Captain Speke's work, there is no room left for an independent narrative of the same journey. Still, those who are specially interested in African travel may welcome with interest, and even with eagerness, those additional notices as to the life and manners of the native races which are all that the *Walk across Africa* pretends to give us. But to the ordinary reader Africa has, it must be admitted, become a little wearisome. There is a good deal of sameness in the life of the negro in his native haunts; and though the chiefs he delights to honour occasionally contribute some little variety in the shape of an extensive massacre, yet even this grows tedious in the narration, whatever it may do in the performance. Lord Palmerston's simple remark to the author, "You have had a long walk, Captain Grant!" is pretty nearly all that a critic can find to say about his book. It is valuable as a record of individual exertion and endurance, but there is too little novelty in the scenes and customs described to give it much interest apart from that excited by the modest and unpretending manner in which Captain Grant relates his adventures. In his case, too, the difficulties inseparable from such a journey were incalculably heightened by constant illness, and in one instance by complete inability to move for upwards of four months. An attack of inflammation in the right leg reduced him for all that time to the condition of a cripple:—

Many cures were attempted by the natives, who all sympathized with me in my sufferings, which they said were scarcely endurable; but I had great faith—was all along cheerful and happy, except at the crisis of this helpless state, when I felt that it would have been preferable to be nearer home.

The native surgeons who undertook to treat the case displayed great fertility of invention, wholly unaccompanied by any corresponding success. First of all, a hot poultice, "made of cow-dung, salt, and mud," was applied to the leg. Then a negro doctor examined the limb, made cuts all over it with a penknife, and rubbed into them a black paste resembling gunpowder. After that, charms were tried, and a small lump of lava was tied round the ankle, while the knee was decorated with a species of garter composed of wood and goat's-flesh. This latter remedy, however, experience had already

* *A Walk across Africa. Domestic Scenes from my Nile Journal.* By James Augustus Grant. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

taught the patient to distrust, as he had once had "a kind lady friend in Scotland," who sent him "a string of soda-water corks to be worn at night as a cure for cramp." In spite, or in consequence, of all these applications, the complaint took its own course, and it was not until the fifth month that Captain Grant was able to be moved out of his hut. During the greater part of the time Captain Speke was absent, so that all these sufferings had to be endured without the help or support of a single white man. Captain Grant's justification of his comrade's apparent desertion of him deserves to be quoted:—

At first sight this appeared to some persons at home as an unkind proceeding, leaving a helpless "brother" in the heart of Africa; but my companion was not the man to be daunted; he was offered an escort to the North, and all tender feelings must yield to the stern necessities of the case. "Strike while the iron is hot," applies to Africa more appropriately than to any country I know; another such opportunity might never occur, and had the traveller's determination of character been softened, and had he not proceeded without me at that time, we might never again—so little upsets the mind of an African chief—have had the road opened to us.

During the time he was thus detained at Karague, Captain Grant remained on very good terms with the "Sultan" Rumanika, whom he describes as the "handsomest and most intelligent sovereign" he met with in Africa. His Majesty officiates not only as King, but also as prophet and priest for his subjects. In the second of the three capacities he is held in much repute as a weather prophet, a character which has remained intact notwithstanding the occasional failure of his predictions. As priest, his principal function is to assist at a species of choral service every new moon. On this occasion he puts on a crown of beads and feathers, and a long white beard, but conceals the rest of his person behind a screen, in front of which are thirty-three drums, with a man standing at each, and a conductor to beat time. As soon as the latter raises his right arm, "the thirty-three drummers do the same, then the left arm, and they gradually beat the drums quicker, till they end in a tremendous roll." At the same time the Sultan receives the congratulations of his subjects, who shriek and spring at him one by one, so that the ceremony combines the advantages of congregational responding and orchestral music. Rumanika's rule appears to be mild and regular, the Karague laws being, says Captain Grant, "as strict as our own, and, without statistics, I believe there is less crime." In point of severity the government is a remarkable contrast to that of Uganda, the adjoining country to the north. At the capital of this negro paradise there were numerous executions every day. On the introduction of Speke and Grant to the King, M'tessa, two women were dragged away to death from among the crowd which had collected to stare at the white men. The victims make no attempt at escaping, even though the precautions taken to prevent it are often of the slenderest description. Captain Grant one day followed a woman under sentence of death, for more than half a mile, until she reached the executioner's hut. She was only guarded by a boy, and on her arrival no one appeared to receive her. Only "a lazy, yellow-beaked vulture, the cannibal of Uganda, sat perched on the stump of a broken tree; others hovered high overhead, looking down on the scene below." Captain Grant's curiosity was satisfied by these appearances, and he returned. "The circumstantial evidence was enough for me." M'tessa occasionally, in default of more agreeable occupations, took the executioner's duties into his own hands; and once, on Captain Grant's "asking what the King had killed when out shooting, the reply was that, 'As His Highness could not get any game to shoot at, he had shot down many people.'" Curiously enough, M'tessa does not seem to be by any means of an exceptionally cruel disposition, and a Zanzibar trader, who spoke with apparent impartiality, asserted that the severity of his rule "was not from any love he had for destruction of life, as he was an amiable young man, but from its being the ancient custom of the country." In the kingdom which the Captain next visited on his journey northward, lenity was again in the ascendant, and the King appeared to care about nothing but receiving presents. His interviews with the travellers were devoted to continuous begging; "he must have table-knives, mosquito curtains, our pots and pans, our medicines, finger-rings, &c., and most of them had to be rendered up." Nor was his demeanour in accepting them at all remarkable for grace; on the contrary, he sat, as the negro interpreter remarked, "like a cow," with a perfectly solemn face, and showing no trace of the eager curiosity which had been displayed by his brother monarchs. Altogether, he must have made a good thing out of the expedition, since, in return for ten cattle and five fowls which he sent to each of the travellers soon after their arrival, and a few more which they asked for before leaving, he received English and foreign goods to the value of 150*l*. Judging by the general course of trade in Eastern Africa, he had decidedly the best of the bargain, since Rumanika had given a Zanzibar trader 700 *lbs.* of ivory, seven women, and fifty cows, and only received in return a gold-embroidered silk scarf, a "mucknuff," a gold-embroidered vest, two men's loads of blue beads, half a load of brass wire, a small tiara, value one dollar, and two flint mauls—"besides which, Jumah asked for his two guns to be returned."

Except in Uganda, where they appear to be especially chosen as illustrations of capital punishment, the women of Eastern Africa have not much to complain of. They suffer, indeed, from a tendency on the part of their husbands to give them their full share of the heaviest work; but this disposition is, unfortunately, not confined to savage society. In some places, too, they are exempt from even this amount of degradation. In one tribe—

The attentions of the men to their women were very marked. A man might be seen in a field performing the office of hairdresser to his lady love; or, spear in hand, he would join a party of women going to draw water, pitcher on head, and escort them, lest any of our camp should fall upon, steal, or seduce them away.

In another tribe the cattle are looked after by the men, while the girls stay at home "doing household work, coquetting, and showing off their beautiful feet and ankles." Either as a cause or as a consequence of this superior position, some of the women are described as decidedly pleasing, even to European eyes. The characteristic negro features seem very generally wanting; they have pretty faces, and their figures are often "quite models for a Greek slave." The results of so much loveliness, and of the admiration which naturally accompanies it, are to be seen in the attention they bestow upon their dress, which is apparently fashioned as closely after a European type as the very limited materials at their disposal will allow. Some young ladies wear their hair combed back, "and raised up from the forehead and over their ears by a broad band from the skin of a milk-white cow"; others "have their shoulders and breasts very handsomely tattooed to imitate point lace in front, and crossed like a pair of braces behind." Captain Grant's description of one of these negro beauties rises to absolute enthusiasm:—

The men led me up to a beautiful lady-like creature sitting alone under a tree. She received me, without any expression of surprise, in the most dignified manner; and after having talked with the men, rose smiling, showing great gentleness in her manner, and led me to her hut. I had time to scrutinise the interesting stranger; she wore the usual Watuts costume of a cow's skin reversed, teased into a frieze with a needle, coloured brown, and wrapped round her body from below the chest to the ankles. Lappets, showing zebra-like stripes of many colours, she wore as a "turnover" round the waist; and except where ornamented on one arm with a highly polished coil of thick brass wire, two equally bright and massive rings on the right wrist, and a neck pendant of brass wire—except these and her becoming wrapper, she was *au naturel*. I was struck with her peculiarly formed head and graceful long neck; the beauty of her fine eyes, mouth, and nose; the smallness of her hands and naked feet were all faultless. The arms and elbows were rounded off like an egg, the shoulders were sloping, and her small breasts were those of a crouching Venus—a perfect beauty, although darker than a brunette! After the fair one had examined my skin and my clothes, I expressed great regret that I had no beads to present to her. "They are not wanted," she said. "Sit down, drink this buttermilk, and here is also some butter for you." It was placed on a clean leaf. I shook hands, patted her cheek, and took my leave, but some beads were sent her, and she paid me a visit, bringing butter and buttermilk, and [alas for feminine consistency!] asking for more presents, which she of course got, and I had the gratification to see her eyes sparkle at the sight of them. This was one of the few women I met during our whole journey that I admired.

That Captain Grant may have made this last remark to the lady herself we can readily believe, but we may perhaps hesitate to accept it as a literal statement of fact. On the contrary, we can scarcely doubt that, throughout his journey, the sex obtained their full share of admiration at his hands, and that the attractive pictures of female beauty which are scattered up and down his book are merely a record of the compliments which his interpreter was instructed to utter by word of mouth.

ALPINE LITERATURE.*

THE two books whose titles we give below are designed to increase our stock of Alpine information. The circle of the commonplace gradually expands. The great peaks fall year by year under the assaults of mountaineers; new valleys are explored to their deepest recesses. Gradually the huge swarm of tourists follows the early pioneers—spreading, as some think, civilization; or, as others would consider it, vulgarizing even the regions of eternal snow. The steady expansion of these immigrating hosts into remote districts seems to be as inevitable as the advance of colonization across the American prairies. Meanwhile, something is still left to us. There yet remain regions in which the innocence of the natives is uncorrupted by British gold, and which, consequently, still afford a safe asylum to the voracious bug of the mountains. Such a district is Dauphiné. Mr. Bonney shows the zeal of a true mountaineer in the pains he has taken to make its merits known. His introductory remarks show at what a price knowledge of these barbarous regions must be gained. "A good digestion and an insect-proof skin," as he pathetically observes, "are indispensable requisites to any one wishing to explore comfortably the less frequented districts." The plan of Mr. Bonney's book prevents him from giving us more than a bare journal of his proceedings. The beauty, however, of the mountain views, and the attacks of the insects, extort from him alternate bursts of eloquence. His experience of the whole domestic economy of the district is summed up as follows. Off the great high road—

Everything is of the poorest kind; fresh meat can only be obtained at rare intervals; the bread and wine are equally sour; the beds entomological vivaria. It is hardly possible to conceive the squalid misery in which the people live; their dark dismal huts swarming with flies, fleas, and other vermin; the broom, the mop, and the scrubbing-brush are unknown luxuries; the bones and refuse of a meal are flung upon the floor to be gnawed by the dogs, and are left there to form an osseous breccia. The people in many parts are stunted, cowardly, and feeble, and appear to be stupid and almost cretins."

Most persons will shun this charming state of things, even if they believe Mr. Bonney's bold assertion that Dauphiné is superior in

* *Sketches of Dauphiné.* By J. G. Bonney, M.A., F.G.S. London: Longman & Co. 1865.

Village Life in Switzerland. By Sophia Duberly Delmard. London: Longman & Co. 1865.

beauty to any other mountain group with which he is acquainted. A man who for three summers has borne with filth and fleas and indigestion and bad guides, with nothing to show for it but beautiful scenery, must necessarily think the beauty superlative. Unprejudiced followers, who have not the zest of new discovery, will probably dispute his taste. They will be content with the glories of Mont Blanc or the Bernese Oberland, inferior as they may be to the Pelvoux, and balance the account by allowing fairly for comfort and cleanliness. Comfort and cleanliness are, indeed, indispensable conditions for appreciating beauty. There is no time when a man enjoys a good dinner so much as when he has just climbed a mountain; and, conversely, we believe that there is no time when a mountain looks so lovely as when the mind is softened by the anticipation of a good dinner. Stunted, stupid, and cretin-like as the inhabitants of Dauphiné may be, they probably possess the unkeeping instinct so strongly developed amongst their northern neighbours. The few specimens of the British mountaineer that have ventured into their fastnesses have whetted their natural appetite for feeding upon travellers. They will discover, by degrees, that the most attractive bait for their prey is to be found in a nearer approach to decency. The mass of mankind will then be able to judge calmly of Mr. Bonney's glowing estimate of the scenery.

His book is intended to afford us some means of judging for ourselves. It contains a large number of plates, copied from Mr. Bonney's own sketches. The sketches were often, as he reminds us, necessarily exposed to the disadvantages of frozen fingers and a position of neutral equilibrium. They include, however, many—and, as we believe, very accurate—outlines of the chief mountains of the group. They would be extremely valuable to any one afflicted with that distressing form of mental disease which causes the patient to be restless until he knows the name of every mountain within view. They show that there is work to be done by devoted explorers of glacier and precipice, that the precipices are steep, and the glaciers distorted up to a creditable point. But we cannot honestly say that they justify, to our minds, the boast that the scenery of Dauphiné is the finest in the Alps. Our impression is that it occupies a high place amongst the inferior districts; or, to adopt a University expression, that it ought to be near the top of the second-class—inferior probably to the Bernina, but superior to any of the other secondary groups. The narrative itself is little more than a journal of Mr. Bonney's various expeditions, and an explanation of the plates. On the whole, it should be consulted by any one intending to increase the provision supply of the Dauphiné fleas, though it is too large to accompany the traveller whose luggage consists of a knapsack.

The purpose of *Village Life in Switzerland* is to prove that objects of unexhausted interest may be found in regions of higher civilization than Dauphiné. Even in parts which have long been the high-road of travellers, there are many things which travellers systematically overlook. According to an old and, as it seems to us, a very weak-minded saying, people should be ashamed of visiting foreign countries before knowing their own. As most men take deeper root, and become less capable of locomotion, in proportion to their advance in life, it is obvious that the area of excursion ought to be gradually contracted. We should keep a preserve of interest near home, to provide for the time when distant journeys will be impracticable. When we feel that our digestions are no longer proof against the food, nor our skins against the insects, which Mr. Bonney describes as characteristic of Dauphiné, we may be glad to discover that even in the most frequented districts there is something worth seeing. It is, indeed, a frequent subject of wonder that such crowds annually flood every valley in the Alps, and remain so utterly unconscious of the existence of anything outside a strictly-defined catalogue of sights. The people themselves are certainly worth a passing glance. Yet most travellers religiously believe that Switzerland has a population composed solely of innkeepers, dependents upon innkeepers, and those who supply innkeepers and their dependents. In passing through the country, tourists attract a cloud of hangers-on, who hover round them like a swarm of mosquitoes, and form an impenetrable screen concealing all behind. The faults which are common to innkeepers all over the world are confidently attributed to the Swiss as national characteristics; and a great deal of very unmerited blame is freely bestowed upon them by people who mistake this superficial stratum of travellers' bloodsuckers for the real substance of the people. It is therefore quite possible for one who really knows the country to reveal to us a good deal that will be both new and interesting. The author of *Village Life in Switzerland* spent three years in the neighbourhood of Bex, and gives her experiences of the natives. We cannot say that she presents us with any large mass of information, social, political, or statistical; and there are certain signs of book-making, owing to which the book is filled out by materials of rather inferior character. It is rather too bad to be asked to read through long stories about attacks by robbers, told to relieve the dullness of a rainy day at a chalet. If anything could make a rainy day on an Alp more utterly dreary than it naturally is, it would be the infliction of set stories of that order which appear with illustrations in certain weekly journals. Of course, no human being ever deliberately told a story to pass away time, according to the common hypothesis; and we therefore submit that the work would be all the better without tormenting the conscientious reader by a useless repetition of a story never told. The sketch of Swiss manners, which forms the greater part of the book, is, so far as it goes, lively and interesting, though not profound. It reproduces the impression made upon an English lady

by a sudden plunge into the domestic discomforts of a village in the valley of the Rhone. She seems to have been profoundly impressed by them, and gives the details of her misery with a touching fidelity of recollection. She dwells upon the various iniquities of Swiss servants—upon their total absence of washing except on festive occasions; upon the very various applications made of table-cloths and napkins; upon the confusion between soap and butter, in their relations to omelettes and potatoes; and remarks upon the pleasure of finding that "what stopped up the spout of your coffee-pot was a mass of hair combed fresh from the head of your cook." After suffering from these and countless other inflictions, you can, it appears, only obtain redress by a complicated process which generally results in justifying the servant. These various evils are set down, in a summary way, as being somehow or other due to the fact that the Swiss live under a republican government—a dangerous argument, for if governments are to be condemned for the dirt of domestic servants, we fear there are few forms of polity which would escape judgment. Of the people at large she speaks with little more respect than of these specimens. She ridicules their skill with the rifle, and the prizes distributed; being especially severe on an unfortunate general, who rides off from a match decorated with six German silver teaspoons on a blue pasteboard, and with a soup-ladle and a broom slung across his charger's neck. She declares that the people are apt to get drunk, that there is a large proportion of illegitimate children, and that they are habitually idle. Two at least of these peculiarities are owing to the nature of their occupation, which gives them nothing to do in the winter, and plenty of opportunity of getting drunk in the summer. She complains, of course, of the extreme subdivision of the land, as English writers are bound to complain; but she admits, in the same breath, that the people are well off and contented, and that there are no beggars. She does not appear to perceive that this is some justification for their idleness, and for the independence of the servants. An English agricultural labourer would not work twelve hours a day if he could get as well supplied as a peasant of the Canton Vaud with six. She sums up the native character in the words with which a Catholic priest lately concluded his sermon in a Valaisian village:—"St. Peter (he said) will ask me, 'Shepherd, what hast thou done with thy flock?' I shall bow my head. He will ask me again, and I shall bow my head the second time. He will ask for the third time, 'What hast thou done with thy flock?' And I shall answer, 'St. Peter, thou hast given them to me thieves, and I have left them thieves.'"

We must add that, on the whole, she seems to have been attracted by the good-nature and friendliness of the people, and evidently likes them better than these statements would imply. In conclusion, we can recommend a glance at the book to any one who wishes to discover a pleasant place for a summer residence easily accessible, and in sight of some of the grandest Swiss scenery.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE third volume of Sprenger's *Life of Mahomet** completes a work which is likely to take rank as a classic, but whose peculiar merits will be better appreciated by the Orientalist than by the general reader. To a certain extent, this is a high compliment, yet it would have been better for the historian's reputation if he could have combined his vast erudition and profound research with more of the elegance and geniality of his English rival Muir. It is not that Sprenger is dry, or insipid, or deficient in narrative power, but that his treatment of the subject is throughout too analytical. He has brought a severely critical spirit to the examination of the documents on which his narrative is based, and cannot lay it aside when he comes to tell what he has learned. He addresses himself too exclusively to the understanding, to the neglect of the feelings and the imagination; hence his treatment of facts is more like an *Ausstellung* than a *Darstellung*, and his sketches of character, probably correct in outline, still require to be filled up with the warm breathing colours of human interest. With this positive and rationalizing turn of mind, it is hardly surprising that he should be unjust to the great central figure of his history, and should even go so far as to express a preference for the practical Omar. Yet it is certain that Omar could never have swayed the Mussulman world without a schism, but for the mild wisdom of Abu Beker; and Mahomet's nomination of the latter as his successor is of itself a proof of his profound sagacity and knowledge of men. Sprenger thinks that the Prophet was greatly controlled by those about him, but others will see the rarest and highest proof of magnanimity in his readiness to acknowledge errors and follow good advice. How firm he could be on occasion is shown by his persistence, on his deathbed, in the appointment of the slave's son Osama to an important command; yet Sprenger records this without a word of appreciation of the greatness of mind which could thus condemn inveterate prejudice, or any mention of the vindication of the Prophet's discernment by the brilliant success which followed. In the same way, almost all the picturesque traits recorded of Mahomet are either ignored, or so related as to lose their legitimate effect. Sprenger's elaborate character of him does nevertheless contain many most judicious remarks, and is part of a long

* *Das Leben und die Lehre des Mohammed.* Nach bisher grösstentheils unbenutzten Quellen bearbeitet von A. Sprenger. Berlin: Nicolai. London: Nutt.

introduction, embracing a comprehensive survey of everything pertinent to the origin of Mahometanism, and full of interest and instruction. The writer observes that it is the only one of the great world-religions whose origin and early progress can be distinctly traced step by step in the full day-light of history. He has not alluded to the assistance which might be derived from a comparison with the modern phenomena of Mormonism and the Taeping movement, both of which present remarkable analogies in the character of their leaders, and in their being founded on older revelations which they professed rather to complete than to supersede. Their success was only partial, because in our day it is no longer possible to be at once an hysterical enthusiast and a participant in the best culture of the time. If the prophet is much below the intellectual level of his public they will not believe him, and if on a par with it he will not believe himself.

The second part of Pallmann's *History of the Barbarians** is occupied with the story of the Heruli, the destruction of the Western Empire by their chief Odoacer, and the reign of the latter. The miserable imperfection of the contemporary documents presents the greatest impediments to the historian, and it is not Herr Pallmann's fault if some most important questions remain unanswered. He might have been more attractive if he had been more daring, but in our opinion his caution and sobriety are qualities more desirable in the historian of an obscure epoch than brilliant extravagance, or pretensions to a spirit of divination. Odoacer is naturally the central figure of his work, whose prophet he is, and whose pretensions to heroic stature he is anxious to vindicate against the misrepresentations of ancient German poetry. We did not know that such misrepresentations existed, and we think that, at all events, Odoacer's shade has no occasion to be dissatisfied with the general verdict of history. He was undoubtedly an energetic and sagacious ruler, and if his glory has been eclipsed by his conqueror and successor Theodoric, it must be considered that the latter had the easier task, having brought an entire nation at his back, while Odoacer was merely the chief of a revolted army of mercenaries. It need not be doubted that Odoacer was honestly endeavouring to unite the antagonistic races under his rule into a harmonious nationality, but the manner in which the Italians detached themselves from him upon his first reverses indicates that he had not succeeded. The inference is that he was rather a good administrator than a great statesman, while his steady ascendancy over his rough troops, and the unbroken internal tranquillity of Italy during his reign, prove that he was at least no ordinary man.

Renouard's† comprehensive survey of one of the fields of action on which the Seven Years' War was fought out is very voluminous, and almost exclusively of a technical character. It will doubtless be read by military men, and frequently consulted by the historian, but it possesses few attractions for the general reader.

The schoolboys of Schleswig-Holstein deserve our commiseration for the trouble it must cost them to master the obscure and intricate history of their country.‡ It is for the most part a record of sanguinary brawls—a sort of lumber with which nothing short of patriotic feeling could induce any one to burden his memory. A great Emperor of Germany or King of Denmark flits across the stage now and then, but we only obtain fitful glimpses of such a personage, the field of action being too insignificant to engross any considerable portion of his energies. The only way to ennoble the history is to represent it in the light of a conflict of nationalities, as Herr Möller has done throughout. In point of fact, however, the national feeling seems only to have arisen very recently. Throughout the long story of the middle ages we can find no trace of resistance to the Danes as such; the quarrels rather appear to have been dynastic, and the people seem to have fought, like the subjects of King Gwythno, for the privilege of paying tribute to this Duke rather than that. When once they had learned to regard themselves as Germans, the dissolution of their connexion with Denmark was merely a question of time. The Danes have at all events the satisfaction of reflecting that they did not, as in Sweden, pave the way for the overthrow of their authority by the abuse of it; since, on Herr Möller's own showing, their administration will compare very favourably with that of almost any German prince. How little the author is inclined to favour them beyond their deserts may be inferred from his enumeration of the specific qualities of the Danish race, as consisting in "entire exemption from illusions, keen humour, craft, energy, violence, and perfidy." It is gratifying to observe that the misdeeds of the lamb can no more escape the penetration of the wolf in our day than in Æsop's. The writer would, indeed, be a great historian if his genius bore any fair proportion to his effrontery. As it is, he is entitled to the praise of having told an involved story in the most straightforward manner possible, and in a style at once easy and vigorous.

Mademoiselle Assing§ is certainly making the most of the bequest of her uncle's correspondence. The great guns having been fired off, she now produces a volume with a title-page ingeniously con-

trived to delude readers into the belief that it principally proceeds from Varnhagen's own pen. The great majority of the letters, however, are from his almost unknown friend Oelsner, who must at least have been one of the most industrious of correspondents. He was a political writer, and was occasionally employed as a diplomatic agent—a man of ability and disinterestedness, but who seems to have been afflicted with a chronic restlessness and caprice which prevented his attaining to any considerable distinction, as well as with an aversion to publicity that occasioned his writings to be issued anonymously, or given away to others. He was, however, known and valued by a large circle of friends, and Varnhagen in particular seems to have entertained a high opinion of him. These letters relate almost exclusively to the state of political affairs immediately after the treaties of Vienna. They were, no doubt, very acceptable at the time, and interesting remarks and anecdotes may still be gleaned from them, but their reproduction at full length is a piece of bookmaking in keeping with the general character of Mademoiselle Assing's administration of her uncle's literary effects.

A volume of essays by Heinrich von Treitschke* contains many very carefully written studies, chiefly on German politics and politicians. Two possess considerable interest for the English reader—that on Milton, which contains some excellent criticism on *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*, but rates *Paradise Lost* altogether too low, and another on Lord Byron's character as a politician. The notions respecting the English aristocracy usually entertained abroad lead foreigners to regard a noble democrat as a much more significant and unaccountable phenomenon than is really the case, while their general misapprehension of Byron's real intellectual position as regards his contemporaries causes a disproportionate importance to be attached to his opinions. By temperament Byron was as haughty an aristocrat as ever existed, but he was induced to side with the Liberals, partly by debt and discontent, partly by contempt for orthodox dullness—chiefly, as Keats expressed it, by a principle of taste. Of the other essays in the book the most interesting is one on Uhland, the most elaborate one on Dahlmann.

We have already had occasion to mention with commendation the first part of a collection of political tracts, edited by Baron von Haxthausen. The second and concluding volume contains four essays by Held, Gneist, Waitz, and Kosegarten.† The drift of all these is the same. They may be regarded as expressing the views of the moderate constitutional party, who wish to establish representative government on the English model. Herr Gneist's contribution, indeed, is an historical sketch of the English electoral system, and all four have sufficient reference to our politics to render them worthy of consultation by English readers. An amusing instance, however, of the liability of the most painstaking and intelligent foreigner to err in treating of the institutions of the anomalous islanders is afforded by Herr Held's observation that the defects of the Reform Bill would have been scarcely tolerable but for the recent repeal of the property qualification for a seat in Parliament. It is needless to remark that, for very obvious reasons, no enactment was ever more practically inoperative than this well-meant measure, and that nine Englishmen out of ten have probably forgotten that there ever was any legislation on the subject.

The publications of Dr. Rössler‡ and Herr Walcker§ proceed from writers of the same school, and are also full of references to England. Both are characterized by general good sense, and great vigour of thought and expression. So many able works, agreeing so nearly in their spirit and aims, must surely indicate a strong current of public opinion tending in the same direction. It will be well for Germany if this is the case.

The current volume of the *Transactions of the Berlin Academy*|| contains, among other essays, one on Meteorites, by Rose; on the Berlin and Vatican MSS. of Virgil, by Pertz; on Frederick the Great and his Chancellor Coceji, by Trendelenburg; and on the Eleusinian Mysteries, by Gerhard.

Dr. Gustav Jäger¶ is director of the Zoological Gardens at Vienna. The first part of his *Letters on Zoology* comprises several essays designed to maintain the doctrine of the transmutation of species, to fill up what appears to him a chasm in Darwin's reasonings on this subject, and to indicate the possible evolution of all organized life on our planet from simple cellular bodies on the confines of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. His work is plausible and acute, and will probably attract considerable notice, but, like most writers on the subject, he confines his attention too exclusively to geology and physiology.

The biographer of Franz Schubert** shares the not uncommon fate of those who record the lives of artists and men of letters, in

* *Historische und Politische Aufsätze, vornehmlich zur neuesten deutschen Geschichte.* Von Heinrich von Treitschke. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Asher & Co.

† *Das Constitutionelle Princip.* Herausgegeben von August Freiherrn von Haxthausen. Th. 2. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Studien zur Fortbildung der Preussischen Verfassung.* Von C. Rössler. Berlin: Charisius. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Kritik der Parteien in Deutschland.* Von Carl Walcker. Berlin: Springer. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Abhandlungen der Königl. Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin, aus dem Jahre 1863.* Berlin: Dümmler. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Zoologische Briefe.* Von Dr. Gustav Jäger. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *Franz Schubert, von Dr. Heinrich Kreissl von Hellborn.* Wien: Carl Gerold's Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Die Geschichte der Völkerwanderung.* Nach den Quellen dargestellt von Reinhold Pallmann. Th. 2. Weimar: Böhlau. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Geschichte des Krieges in Hannover, Hessen, und Westfalen von 1757 bis 1763.* Von C. Renouard. 3 Bde. Cassel: Fischer. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Geschichte Schleswig-Holsteins, von der ältesten Zeit bis auf die Gegenwart.* Von Cajus Möller. 2 Bde. Hannover: Rümpler. London: Nutt.

§ *Briefwechsel zwischen Varnhagen von Ense und Oelsner, nebst Briefen von Rahel.* Herausgegeben von Ludmilla Assing. Bd. 1. Stuttgart: Kröner. London: Nutt.

finding himself, without any fault of his own, unable to treat his subject otherwise than superficially. Could the inner life of Schubert be depicted, the representation would be full of interest, for the extraordinary affluence and energy of his creative power must have represented an opulence of ideas and feelings equally uncommon. Schubert, however, confined these to his own bosom; his life was uneventful, his written memorials insignificant, and his demeanour unpretending. To ordinary eyes he seemed to live but for the passing hour; he selected his companions chiefly for their social qualities; and, impatient of drudgery and fearful of restraint, made scarcely any serious attempt to acquire such a position as would have insured him respect in the eyes of the world. When not amusing himself with his friends, he seems to have lived in an atmosphere of melody, and to have found musical composition almost as natural as ordinary men find speech. The list of his brief compositions, many as yet unpublished, fills twenty-eight pages octavo; but besides these he was the composer of several operas, none of which were performed in his lifetime, nor have they gained much by subsequent attempts to bring them on the stage. He was not a scientific musician like Schumann or Weber, and seems to have contributed nothing to the theoretic perfection of his art. Indeed, the few productions of his pen here preserved are very trivial, some aphorisms excepted, and one remarkable letter, which shows that the ordinary undemonstrativeness of his deportment was rather to be ascribed to reserve than apathy. It was apparently prompted by the melancholy resulting from an unfortunate attachment. The biographer hints that this was inspired by a lady of rank, and that he could relate an interesting history if he thought fit. It is also apparent that much relating to Schubert's own family and his social relations has been kept in the background. The biography is carefully and pleasingly written, and the writer has done fully as much for his hero as the nature of the case allowed.

We should have much to say of the second volume of Carl Maria von Weber's biography* were it not that the work is soon to appear in an English translation, or rather, abridgment. Abridgment is certainly indispensable for the English public, though, considering Weber's eminence in Germany, the length even of this elaborate biography cannot be pronounced immoderate; and it is right to bear testimony that, should the English version be pronounced dry and dull, the fault will lie with the adapter. The original is in every way a creditable monument of filial piety. Undoubtedly the first volume is far the more entertaining, though the present one comprises by much the more important portion of the composer's life. By birth and education Weber was a thorough Bohemian, but constitutionally he was just the reverse. He had to get rid of the unsatisfactory antecedents of his youth, and fight his way to a recognition of his genuine industry and integrity, through a series of adventures as piquant to tell as unpleasant to undergo. Weber errant and militant is the theme of the first volume, many parts of which are as interesting as most novels; Weber dominant of the second, where we find him comfortably installed at Dresden, and subjugating the musical world of Germany by one victory after another. There is a certain monotony in the recital, though it must always be interesting to know under what circumstances *Der Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, and *Oberon* came forth into the world.

Nohl's collection of Mozart's Letters† contains little absolutely new, but it is something to find everything of this kind brought together in one neat volume, instead of having to search a range of voluminous biographies. It is, indeed, from these letters that any estimate of Mozart's character must always be mainly derived, while they are so numerous, and so minute in their reference to the writer's affairs, as almost to preclude the necessity of a formal narrative. After all that has been written about Mozart, something remains to be done by a biographer sufficiently self-denying to restrict himself to the part of a commentator, treating the correspondence as a text, and filling up the inevitable interstices after the excellent pattern of Lord Houghton's *Life of Keats*, or the Dean of Westminster's *Dr. Arnold*. It is almost superfluous to mention that the great majority of these letters are addressed to the writer's father, and that the characters of sire and son stand forth with all the vividness of strong contrast. In these respects, and in many others, we are constantly reminded of the delightful correspondence of Mendelssohn. It should be added that many of the letters have hitherto been printed in a very imperfect form. The present edition is a literal reproduction, except for the amendment of sundry orthographical mistakes.

Westphal on Antique Rhythms‡ is another essay on the perplexed question of ancient music. The writer has previously edited the tract of Aristoxenus on this subject, and his principal discovery, if it is a discovery, appears to be that nearly everything essential to the subject is contained in this work, which later authors copied without understanding, and disfigured by adulteration with contradictory and incoherent matter derived from other sources.

Herr Geibel is almost the only living poet of Germany who continues to write and, at the same time, to enjoy a high reputation. His fame will hardly be augmented or diminished by his last volume,§

* *Carl Maria von Weber. Ein Lebensbild.* Von Max Maria von Weber. Th. 2. Leipzig: Keil. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Mozart's Briefe.* Nach den Originalen herausgegeben von Ludwig Nohl. Salzburg: Mayr. London: Nutt.

‡ *System der Antiken Rhythmik.* Von Rudolf Westphal. Breslau: Leuckart. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Gedichte und Gedenkblätter.* Von Emanuel Geibel. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Asher & Co.

It is not entirely exempt from an air of bookmaking, containing several pieces written on occasions of transient interest, and many others which seem to have been sifted out when former collections were in preparation, and to have only been readmitted when the impoverishment of his original power compelled the poet to lower his standard. Nevertheless, there is real poetical feeling in the book, while the polish of style and the versification are as exemplary as of old; and go far to redeem the prevalent poverty of thought. Though a genuine, Geibel is by no means an original poet, as he imitates by turns the romantic tenderness of the Swabian school, the reckless fancy of Heine, and the architectural symmetry of Platen. As is natural at a period of life when ardour and imagination have somewhat cooled, the last-mentioned element seems to be gradually obtaining the predominance. The odes in which he directly copies Platen are the least successful part of the volume, but the influence of his predecessor is everywhere apparent in the dignity of treatment which stamps significance on themes in themselves comparatively unattractive.

We have previously referred to Kühne's *German Characters** as a collection of critical papers of average merit, and have only to add that the third volume relates entirely to Goethe, Schiller, and the Court of Weimar.

A much more instructive comment on Goethe is supplied by Kaulbach's illustrations of his principal female characters, photographed in *carte de visite* size, and accompanied by descriptive letterpress.† In depth of thought, compass of erudition, and comprehensiveness of intellect, Kaulbach has no competitor among living artists. In most technical qualities he is at least equal to any other, while in wealth of imagination he is only rivalled by Dore, who surpasses him as far in the wild and grotesque as he is in turn excelled whenever elevation of feeling, or the witchery of virgin or infantine innocence, enters into the composition. These illustrations do not generally rank among his greatest works, and suffer considerably from the diminutive scale on which they are reproduced, but few are without traits of exquisite loveliness. Some are universally known, and among those which deserve to be so we may particularly mention "Alexis and Dora," an idyll in itself, and the romantic conception of the heroine of "Die Wahlverwandtschaften." The volume is charmingly got up, and forms a beautiful gift-book.

* *Deutsche Charaktere.* Von Gustav Kühne. Th. 3. Leipzig: Denicke. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Goethe's Frauengestalten.* Nach Originalzeichnungen von Wilhelm von Kaulbach. Photographische Album-Ausgabe mit erläuterndem Text von F. Spielhagen. München: Bruckmann. London: Asher & Co.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—

On Monday Evening next, February 20, the Programme will include Mozart's Quintet, in G minor, for Stringed Instruments; Beethoven's Pastoral Sonata for Piano-forte alone, &c. Piano-forte, Mr. Charles Hall; Violin, Herr Strauss. Vocalists, Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Cummings. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Gramer & Co.'s; Keith, Frowse, & Co.'s; and at the Hall, 25 Finsbury.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The World Never Saw the Like.—

General TOM THUMB, his Little Wife, and Infant DAUGHTER, together with Commodore NUTT and MINNIE WARREN. The smallest Human beings of Mature Age on the face of the globe. They are pronounced small who see them the greatest wonders of the age. The whole four appear in a great variety of songs, dances, &c.; also in a number of Comic Characters.—Perfect Stock-dances in miniature. They will give Three Levées Daily, at Eleven, Three, and Half-past Seven o'clock. At the Eleven o'clock Levée they will appear in the identical Wedding Costume worn by them at Grace Church, New York, on the occasion of their Marriage.—Admission to the Day Levée, 1s., 6s., and 3s. To the Evening Levée, 1s. to all parts of the house, except a few Reserved Seats at 3s. Children under Ten years of age half-price to Reserved Seats.

* Remember, the Whole Party can be seen for One Shilling.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GREAT TRIENNIAL HANDEL

FESTIVAL, 1865.—The Directors of the Crystal Palace Company and the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society beg to announce that the GREAT TRIENNIAL HANDEL FESTIVAL of 1865 will be held at the Crystal Palace about the end of June.

The Band and Chorus, most carefully selected from Metropolitan, Provincial, and Continental sources of the highest musical reputation, will consist of about 4000 Performers.—Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

Registers have been opened at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, S.E., and at Exeter Hall, Strand, London, W.C., for entering the Names of Persons desirous of receiving early information on the progress of the Festival, the Issues and Prices of Tickets, Plans and Arrangements of Reserved Seats, &c.

Letters addressed to either of the Undersigned will meet with immediate attention.

GEO. GROVE, Sec. Crystal Palace Company.

THOS. BREWER, Hon. Sec. Sacred Harmonic Society.

MUSICAL UNION.—The RECORD of 1864, with a Memoir

and Portrait of MARY ANNE, Analysis of Los Hugueros, &c., has been sent to Members.

On Mondays, from Two to Four, a valuable Portrait of MOZART, by Pompeo Battoni (Rome, 1770) of ROSSINI, London, 1861, Prints and Autographs of MOZART, BEETHOVEN, MENDELSSOHN, SCHUBERT, FERN, and other illustrious Musicians, may be viewed by Members claiming their Tickets, now ready at the Institute, 18 Hanover square.

J. ELLA, Custodian.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D., Conductor. **FIRST CONCERT**, March 20. Subscription to the Series of Eight Concerts, 4 Guineas. Family Tickets of not less than Four, 3s Guineas each. Single Tickets, 1s each. Tickets for former Subscribers ready February 18, for new Subscribers, March 4. Sole Agents, **ADDISON & LECHE**, 210 Regent Street; **CASSELL, CLARK & CO.**, 24 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.—Subscription, One Guinea.—Prizeholders select from the Public Exhibitions. Every Subscriber has a chance of a valuable Prize; and in addition receives an impression of an important Plate by Lumé Stacks, A.E.R.A., from the Picture by W. P. Frith, R.A., "CLAUDE DUVAL." The Prints are now ready for delivery.
444 West Strand, Feb. 1865.

THE LATE DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.—An EXHIBITION of the WORKS of this eminent Artist, consisting of Paintings, Drawings, and Sketches in Oil and Water Colour, is NOW OPEN to the Public, at 9 Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.

INSTITUTION OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS.—NOTICE.—The FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING of the INSTITUTION OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS will take place, at Twelve o'clock, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 6th, 7th, and 8th of April next, at the Hall of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, London. There will also be Evening Meetings on Thursday and Friday, at Seven o'clock.

Papers on the Principles of Naval Construction; on Practical Shipbuilding; on Steam Navigation; on the Equipment and Management of Ships for Merchandise and for War, will be read at this Meeting.

Naval Architects, Ship Builders, Naval Officers of the Royal and Merchant Services, and Engineers who propose to read Papers before the Institution, are requested to send immediate notice of the Subject and Title of the Paper to the Secretary; and the Paper itself, with illustrative Drawings, should be deposited at the Offices of the Institution, on or before the 20th of March next, in order to ensure its being inserted in the Programme and read.

Candidates for admission as Members, or as Associates, must send in their Applications on or before the 1st of March next. The Annual Subscription of £2 2s. is payable on Admission, and becomes due at the commencement of each succeeding Year.

A 4th Volume V. of the "Transactions" is now complete, and in course of delivery to the Members and Associates.
7 Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C. D. PRICE, Assistant Secretary.

THE CLAPHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL, London, for preparing PUPILS for the Universities, the Indian Civil Service, Woolwich, Sandhurst, &c. Head-Master—Rev. ALFRED WRIGLEY, M.A., M.D., &c. of St. John's College, Cambridge, Professor of Mathematics and Classics in the late Royal Indian College, Addiscombe. For the Prospectus, apply to the Head-Master, Clapham, S.

THE HERMITAGE, Richmond, S.W.—An OXFORD GRADUATE, assisted by eminently qualified Teachers, carefully and rapidly prepares a small number of GENTLEMEN'S SONS for the Universities, Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Civil Service. The Junior Department has few vacancies.

THE INDIAN AND HOME CIVIL SERVICES, Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Line.—CLASSES for Pupils preparing for the above. Terms moderate.—Address, MATHEMATICS, 14 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, DIRECT COMMISSIONS.—CANDIDATES are prepared by A. D. SPRANGE, M.A., 12 Prince Street, Baywater, W. At the last Woolwich Examination his Two Pupils were successful.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, AND THE LINE EXAMINATIONS. MR. WREN, M.A. Christ's College, Cambridge, assisted by a High Wrangler and other experienced Masters, receives TEN RESIDENT PUPILS. Two (all sent up) passed Fourth and Twelfth at the recent Sandhurst Examination, and the only one sent up for the recent Woolwich Examination has just been admitted into the R. M. Academy, passing Thirty-fourth.—Wiltshire House, Angel Park, Brighton.

MILITARY EDUCATION at BROMSGROVE HOUSE, Croydon, under the Superintendence of Rev. W. H. JOHNSTONE, M.A., for Nineteen years Professor, Examiner, and Chaplain at the late Military College, Addiscombe. There are now TWO VACANCIES, as two Gentlemen have just passed from this Establishment for Woolwich.

MILITARY TUTORAGE for FIRST-CLASS CANDIDATES.—THREE VACANCIES.—Monthly: Twelve Guineas; including High Mathematics, Latin, Greek, French, History, Geography, Drawing. Or, Fifteen Guineas, with German, Fortification, and Extras.—Address, FAIRCHILD, 7 St. Stephen's Square, Baywater.

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—THREE VACANCIES at No. 7, St. Stephen's Square, Baywater. Terms, Monthly, "without extras," Fifteen Guineas, including sound instruction in all necessary Subjects, and very superior Residence. See the PRINCIPAL, for further particulars.

THE REV. J. J. MANLEY, M.A. (Etonian), Graduate in Honours, Exeter College, Oxford (1835), receives SIX GENTLEMEN for the Universities and Orders. Two Vacancies.—Address, Cottized Rectory, Buntingford, Herts.

AN OXFORD GRADUATE in High Honours, living in a pleasantly situated Rectory, wishes to receive TWO PUPILS. Liberal terms expected.—Address, Rev. H.D. Messrs. Parker & Son, Publishers, Strand, London.

TO PARENTS and GUARDIANS.—A CIVIL ENGINEER of long standing, having extensive Railway Works in hand, and about to commence the Survey and Construction of a Railway in England, has a VACANCY in his Office for a well-educated gentlemanly Youth as an OUT-DOOR PUPIL. Premium required.—M. H., Mr. Henry Green's Advertisement Office, 119 Chancery Lane, London.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CLUB.—The Committee will proceed to ELECT, on or before April 5, FIFTY additional MEMBERS. Gentlemen who have been educated at Charter-house, Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Westminster, or Winchester are alone eligible.—Apply to the SECRETARY, 17 St. James's Place, S.W.

LEAMINGTON COLLEGE.—A MATHEMATICAL MASTER will be required at this College at Easter. School experience required in addition to good University Degree. Salary, £150, with Private Pupil about £20.—Applications to be made to the HEAD-MASTER, on or before Saturday, March 18. Leamington, February 18, 1865.

BOARD and RESIDENCE required for a YOUNG LADY in a Clergyman's Family residing within a Short Distance of London, and in a Healthy Neighbourhood. Letters in reply to this must give full particulars as to Terms, the Locality, and Number in Family. The most respectable references will be required.—Address, Y. Z., 30 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

A MARRIED OFFICER of High Standing in Her Majesty's Service, and residing in a pleasant part of a Fashionable Watering Place on the South Coast, is desirous of receiving into his Family ONE or TWO LADIES. Sisters would be preferred. A most comfortable Home, and considerable Social advantages, are offered. The highest references given and required, and liberal terms are expected.—Address, M. T., Post Office, Brighton.

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